



No. 330.—VOL. XXVI.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 24, 1899.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>d.



"THE QUEEN—GOD BLESS HER!"

*She begins her eighty-first year to-day—a record only once matched by a British Monarch—and she is so well that she may yet rule us for many a day to come, as every one of her subjects devoutly hopes. This striking picture was recently taken by Messrs. Russell, of Baker Street.*



## THE LONDON CART-HORSE'S WHITSUN.

The London cart-horse is a splendid creature, compared with which Bucephalus is as nothing. That was made clearer than ever on Monday at the annual Parade in Regent's Park. The Cockney may be puny, but his cart-horses are mighty animals, suggestive of the sturdy strength of the nation at its best.

At nine o'clock on Monday the inspection of the veterinary surgeon, to reject those which were too light to be considered cart-horses proper,

of his horses, and that Edward II. purchased thirty Lombardy war-horses and twelve droves of stallions. These foreign horses were invariably black, whence the frequent appearance of black horses in the pictures and the references to black horses in the literature of the war and tournament period of our history. These huge, massive animals were necessary when warriors were "armed in complete steel" from top to toe, covered with burnished iron and wrought-steel; for did not their heavily caparisoned steeds have to sustain the weight, as well as to bear the brunt of the force of a similarly accoutred opponent in the tourney or field?

"Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay,"  
May pull a cart or draw a brewer's dray,

might well be the lament of one of these animals, in spite of all the pomp which surrounds the cart-horse on one eventful day in the year, as it thinks of its greatness in the past, and compares it with its decadence into a condition of pure utility in the present.

The purest strains and the best specimens of the Shire Horses used to be bred within thirty miles of Derby, and they were chiefly reared in the Midland and Eastern counties, until they spread to other districts where lighter horses had previously been used. The Clydesdale horse is supposed to have sprung from the Flemish stock imported by a former Duke of Hamilton, through an alliance with the mares of the West of Scotland. Clydesdales, however, do not seem to be so popular in London as they are in the North, and at the Cart-Horse Parade fully five-sixths of the animals on the ground were Shires. These animals, who stand now seventeen hands and over, are gaining height and weight. They are taller by an inch or more than they used to be, say, fifty years ago; and they are also gaining weight as well, for they now scale from eighteen or nineteen hundredweight to nearly a ton.

Their period of active life lasts in London some seven or eight years, when they are deported back to the country, whence they probably came originally, to work on a farm. They are of no less value to the farmer than they are to the brewer or carrier, who is always

willing to pay from ninety to a hundred guineas for a good animal. The price is frequently larger. In the past, Shires have fetched from £500 to £600, and cases are recorded of animals being sold for £700 and £800, while as much as a thousand guineas has been refused for one of them. It need hardly be said that the greatest care is taken of them.

The London drivers not only take a pride in the animals, but they are excessively kind to them, as is testified by the tremendous number of diplomas awarded to them on this special point. The bicycle once threatened to make the riding-horse as obsolete for pleasure as it is in Venice, and the introduction of the motor-car was declared to sound the knell of the horse as a beast of burden. There are, however, no indications that the motor-car will make the Cart-Horse Parade Society close its doors, turn the animals to eat their heads off in the country, or deprive London of one of its interesting exhibits.



A MAGNIFICENT PAIR OF SHIRES.

or which had any defects to prevent them being admitted, took place. At half-past nine the judges began to make their awards. The march-past of the prize-winners took place at half-past two, when the successful drivers received their rewards.

The popularity of the Parade is shown by the fact that the number of entrances has been increasing regularly since 1893, although this year there has been a slight falling off compared with last. The number of horses entered this year was 831, as against 897 last year, and 781 in 1897. Similarly, the number of drivers, which this year was 688, was last year 725, against 645 the year before. This falling off is accounted for by the fact that, in order to reduce the number of horses, the Committee had to increase the amount of the entrance-fee. The reason for this is simply that otherwise the judging could not have been completed so as to allow the prizes and diplomas to be distributed in the appointed time, as well as to keep the competition within limits, rendered imperative by the restricted area at the disposal of the horses, and the time at the disposal of the judges.

"Cart-horse" is a generic term for the Londoner unskilled in all the varieties of the species, but the skilled fancier differentiates between at least three principal varieties, the Shire Horse, the Clydesdale, and the Suffolk. To the ordinary mortal they no doubt appear sufficiently alike to be grouped under one head. Even the uninitiated, however, may be taught to distinguish between the three classes at a glance, for the Shires are the heaviest-made of the horses, with thick, heavy legs, which are heavily "feathered," having long hair on the hocks, while the Suffolk, or Suffolk "Punches," as they are indiscriminately called, have no "feathers" on their legs, which are also decidedly heavy. The Clydesdales, on the other hand, are much smaller, slighter, and more delicate, or rather, less robust in the body in proportion than either of the others, while they have a certain amount of "feathering" which the fancier invariably associates with strength.

Although we have so long been accustomed to their sight that they practically seem to be indigenous, they are by no means of the soil. The curious will learn with some surprise that they were imported into this country from the Continent, chiefly from Holland and Belgium, after the Norman Conquest, and they were then generally used for military purposes. We also know that, among other Sovereigns, Henry II. imported foreign horses, that John brought over one hundred Flemish stallions to improve the breed



A SPLENDID TEAM.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



## THE ROMANCE OF THE HOPE DIAMOND.

LAW REPORT, May 16.—High Court of Justice, Chancery Division.—Before Mr. Justice Byrne.—*Re Hope's Settled Estates—The Hope Blue Diamond.*—This was a summons under the Settled Land Acts by Lord Henry Francis Hope Pelham-Clinton-Hope, commonly called Lord Francis Hope, tenant for life under a settlement contained in the will of his grandmother, Mrs. Hope (Anne Adèle), asking for an order under the Settled Land Act, 1882, section 37, approving a provisional contract made in December 1898, between the applicant and L. M. Lowenstein and Co., for the sale of the blue Indian diamond, known as the Tavernier blue or Hope diamond, being part of the chattels settled as heirlooms by the testatrix.

On Wednesday morning the *Times* favoured its readers with this hard, matter-of-fact statement, unilluminated by a touch of imagination. Of course, a great romance was involved, as every reader of Mr. E. W. Streeter's delightful books, "*Precious Stones and Gems*" and "*The Great Diamonds of the World*," will remember. In plain English, Lord Francis Hope (the husband of May Yohe) wanted to sell the famous Blue Diamond which he inherited (with his name) from his maternal grandmother, Mrs. Hope, of Deepdene. His brother, the Duke of Newcastle, and his three sisters objected, and Mr. Justice Byrne supported them, so that the famous diamond remains in Parr's Bank instead of coming to the hammer.

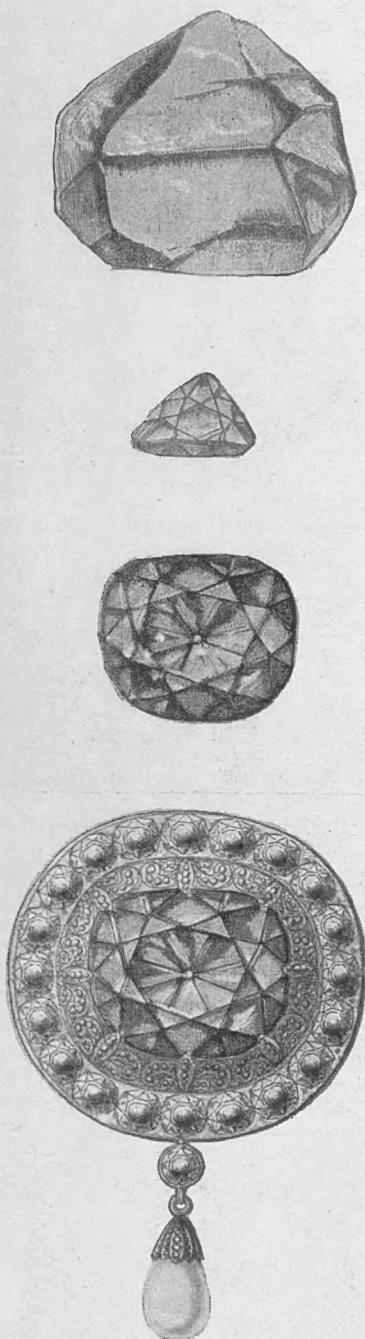
"Diamonds," says Mr. Streeter, "occur of every hue, and, according to Mandeville, seem to take pleasure in assuming in turns the colours proper to other gems. The blue or sapphire tint is, with the exception of the ruby-red, the rarest of colours met with in diamonds, and ranks among the most beautiful of precious stones." The story of the "Hope" diamond

Revolution. At that date, 1830, the late Mr. Henry Thomas Hope, an extremely wealthy virtuoso, who built the mansion at the corner of Down Street, Piccadilly (now the Junior Athenæum Club), in which he housed that wonderful collection of Dutch paintings formed, for the most part, in Holland by members of his family, great merchants of Amsterdam, bought the great blue diamond for £18,000. What had become of the remaining twenty-three carats? A good many years were to elapse before those interested in historic jewels would be able to solve the mystery. In 1874 a fine blue diamond, weighing, I believe, some six or seven carats, came into the market. It was purchased in Geneva at the sale of the beautiful things which were left to that city by the late Duke of Brunswick. Experts had an opportunity of comparing the Brunswick jewel with the "Hope" diamond, and came to the conclusion that the two had originally been one. Allowing for the loss of weight in "cleavage," there was, however, still a comparatively small part of the jewel unaccounted for. This, Mr. Streeter believes he met with at a later date in Paris, where he purchased it for £300. My illustration—reproduced from the beautiful coloured plate in Mr. Streeter's admirable book "*Precious Stones and Gems*"—gives a good idea of the uncut jewel whose history has been so remarkable, as well as of the three cut diamonds which now represent the purchase made by Tavernier some two centuries ago.

## HOW TO GO TO THE DERBY.

The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company will despatch trains at frequent intervals from both their Victoria and London Bridge Stations direct to their Racecourse Station on the Epsom Downs, near the Grand Stand. In addition to the arrangements for special passenger-traffic from London to Epsom and back on the race-days, a special train for horses and attendants will leave Newmarket on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, May 29 to June 1, *via* Liverpool Street and the East London Line. The Brighton Company's route from Newmarket to Epsom is the only direct one; it avoids the circuitous route round London, the crowded City lines, and the various shuntings from one line to another.

The London and South-Western Railway Company announce that they have arranged to run the usual express trains from London direct to their station at Epsom. For the convenience of passengers from the Northern and Midland counties, arrangements have been made with the various railway companies to issue through tickets to Epsom which will be available from Waterloo, Kensington, Ludgate Hill, Vauxhall, and Clapham Junction. For the return journey a special train, conveying first-class passengers only, will leave Epsom for Waterloo at 4 p.m. each day, calling only at Wimbledon, Clapham Junction, and Vauxhall. Special arrangements have been made to convey horses from Newmarket.



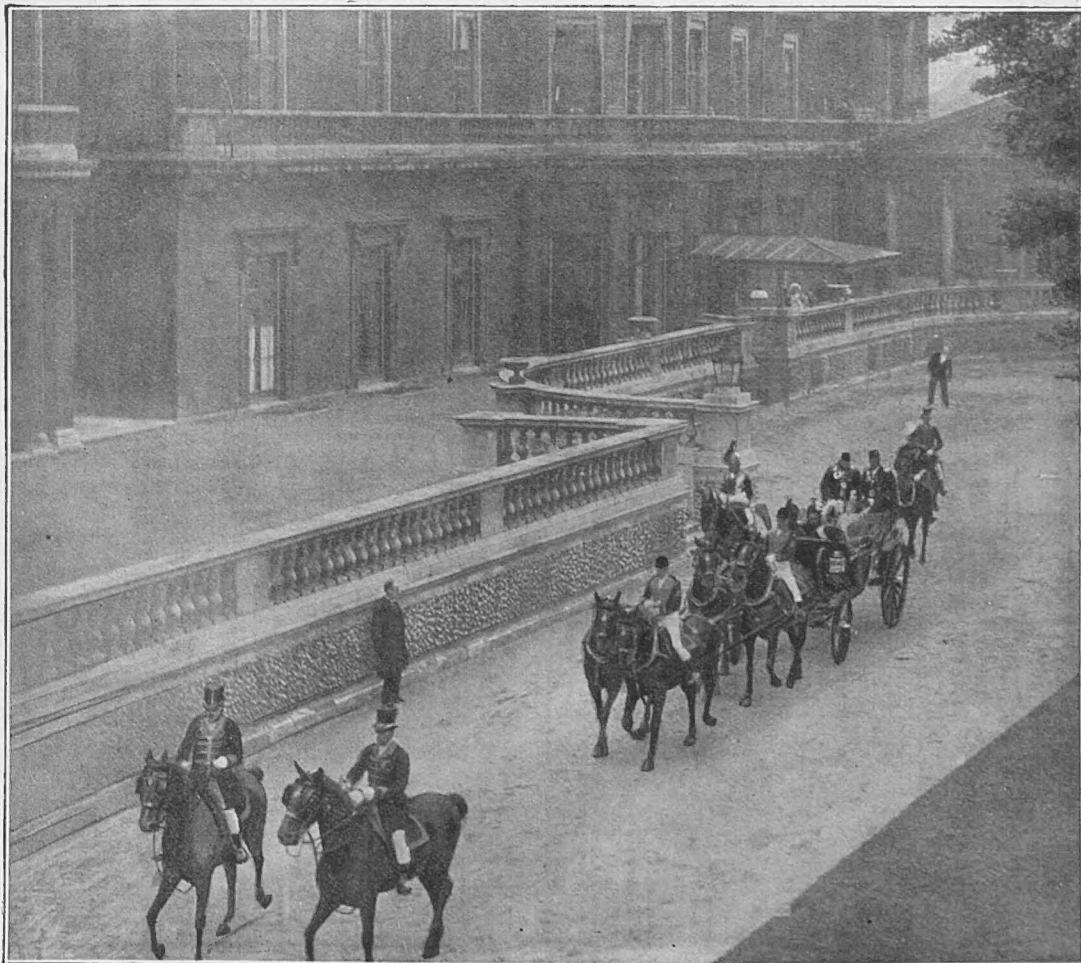
THE HOPE DIAMOND.

Reproduced from Mr. Streeter's "*Precious Stones and Gems*."

reads like a romance. It was the first blue diamond that came to Europe, and was then considered to be unique. It weighed in the rough 112½ carats, and was bought in India by the famous jeweller and traveller, Tavernier, in 1642, being sold to Louis XIV. in 1668. It was apparently cut, by order of the King, to the weight of 67½ carats.

When the troubles of 1792 fell upon the unfortunate Royal Family of France, the jewel found itself deposited in the Garde Meuble in Paris. This was in August. A month later, it had disappeared; but who had abstracted it? That, I believe, is absolutely unknown.

For nearly forty years the world saw and heard nothing of Tavernier's magnificent blue diamond. In 1830, however, one Daniel Eliason was in possession of a cut blue diamond which weighed 44½ carats. There seems to be little doubt that this gem represented the principal portion of the diamond that had disappeared in the stormy days of the French



THE QUEEN'S DEPARTURE FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE ON HER WAY TO LAY THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE EXTENSION OF THE ALBERT AND VICTORIA MUSEUM LAST WEDNESDAY.

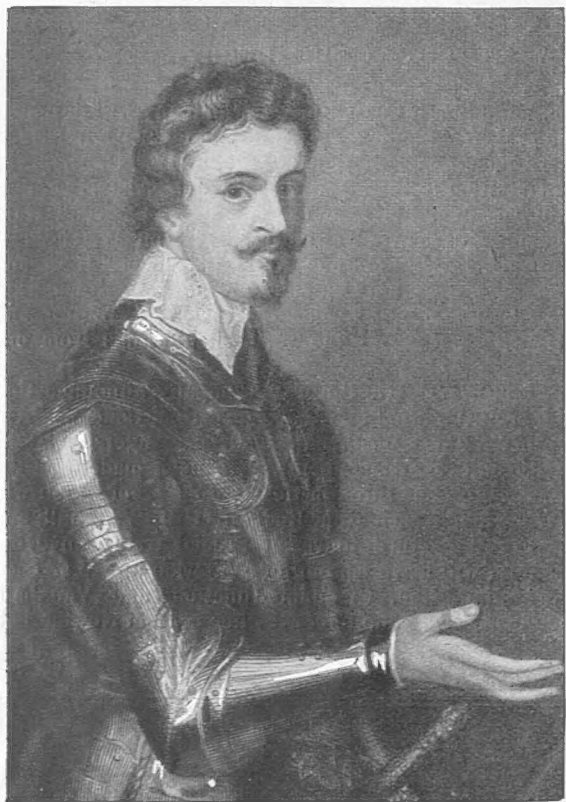


## THE STRANGE UNLUCKINESS OF THE EARLS OF STRAFFORD.

The terrible death of the Queen's faithful friend-servant, Sir Henry Byng, Earl of Strafford, who was found decapitated on the railway at Potter's Bar on Tuesday night last week, was tragic in the extreme. And yet it simply capped a series of tragedies which have attended the Earls of Strafford from first to last. Indeed, few families have been so unlucky. Let me summarise a few facts in proof of this—

There have been nine Earls of Strafford in 259 years (1640-1899).  
The title has been once *forfeited*, twice *extinct*, once *revived*, and twice *re-created*.  
Five Earls have died *without leaving male issue*.  
The original family that held the title (the Wentworths) is *extinct*.  
The first Earl was beheaded at the Tower.  
The ninth Earl was decapitated on the railway.

When one thinks of the Earldom of Strafford, one's mind turns back naturally to Thomas Wentworth, for the Byngs have held the title for only 64 of the 259 years since the title of Strafford was known in the land. The first Earl is, of course, a familiar figure. He came of a great



THE FIRST EARL OF STRAFFORD, BEHEADED 1641.

From a Painting by Vandyck.

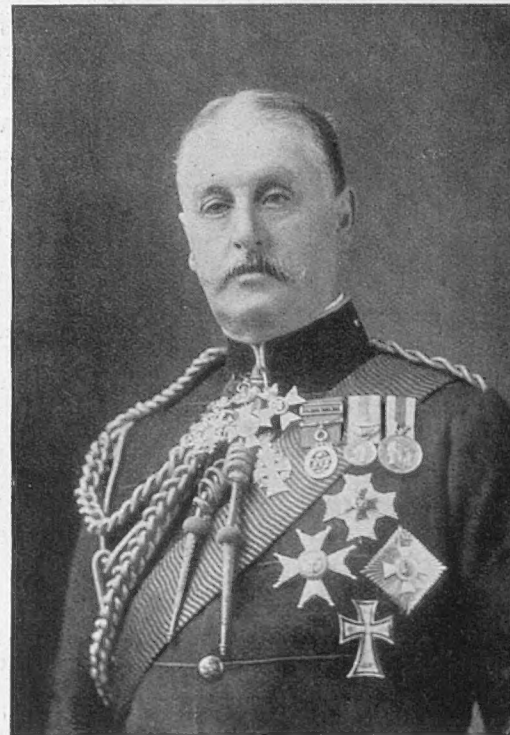
Yorkshire family, and was born in 1593. His splendid abilities soon put him in the first rank of politicians, and gained for him the Baronies of Wentworth and of Newmarch and Oversley in 1628, the Viscounty of Wentworth five months later, and the Barony of Raby and the Earldom of Strafford in 1640. His whole policy was to make his royal master—the most absolute Prince in Christendom. How he failed we all know; and so he ended his career on the scaffold at the Tower on May 12, 1641,

and all his honours were forfeited. Six months later, however, his fifteen-year-old son got all the titles back again (as a new creation), for he had to wait until 1662 before the attainder of his father was reversed, so that Strafford was itself again in point of precedency. To what avail? This second Earl died (in 1695) without leaving issue (though he was twice married); all his titles (save the Barony of Raby) became

extinct, and the bulk of the Wentworth estates passed to his nephew, the Hon. Thomas Watson, son of the first Lord Rockingham.

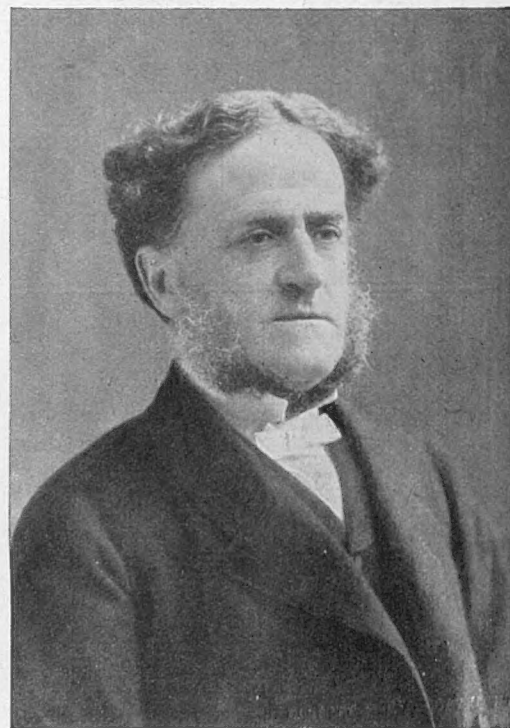
Six-and-twenty years passed by, and then the Earldom was re-created in favour of his cousin, who had inherited the Barony of Raby, and whose diplomatic career—he was our Ambassador at Berlin, The Hague, and at the Congress of Utrecht, was rewarded in 1711 with the Earldom. He has been described as “a loquacious, rich, illiterate, cold, tedious, constant haranguer, who neither spoke sense nor English.” An attempt was made to try him for treason, too, and he undoubtedly plotted with the exiled Stuarts. He died of stone, and was succeeded by his only son, who also died of stone (in 1791), without leaving any issue, his estates passing to his three sisters. He was succeeded in the Earldom by his cousin, who was found dead in bed one morning at Nottingham in the autumn of 1799. He left no issue, so that his title became extinct, and, indeed, with him the noble family of Wentworth came to an end altogether just a hundred years ago.

Six-and-thirty years passed, and then the Barony of Strafford was created in favour of his very distant kinsman, the famous soldier, Sir John Byng, whose grandmother was a Wentworth. Sir John fought our battles in Flanders, Holland, Ireland, and the Peninsula, and was present at Waterloo. He was rewarded with the Barony of Strafford on May 12, 1835—that being the anniversary of the very day when the Earldom was forfeited, nearly two hundred years before, when Thomas Wentworth lost his head at the Tower. In 1847 the Earldom of Strafford was re-created for Sir John, who was succeeded first by his son, and then by no fewer than three of his grandsons in turn. The first of the latter had no children. The second (who was so summarily arraigned at Potter's Bar last week) lost his two sons under the saddest circumstances. The elder, George Albert Edward Alexander Byng, was accidentally drowned between Naples and Gibraltar on April 4, 1893 (at the age of twenty-five), while returning home on board the *Ophir* from Australia. The other died in Paris of typhoid within a year (Jan. 4, 1894), just as he was about to begin his career as an Attaché at our Embassy. And now their father, who had re-married only the other month, has gone, on the eve of the rejoicings over the eightieth birthday of the Queen, whom he had served for fifty-nine years (for he began his career as a Page of Honour in 1840). Was there ever such ill-luck?



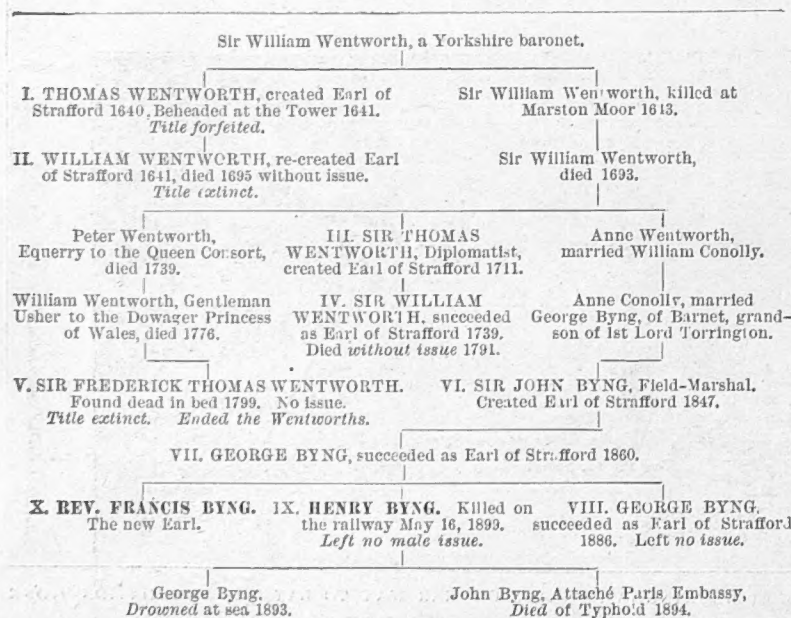
THE LATE EARL OF STRAFFORD, KILLED ON THE RAILWAY.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.



THE HON. AND REV. FRANCIS BYNG, PRESENT EARL OF STRAFFORD.

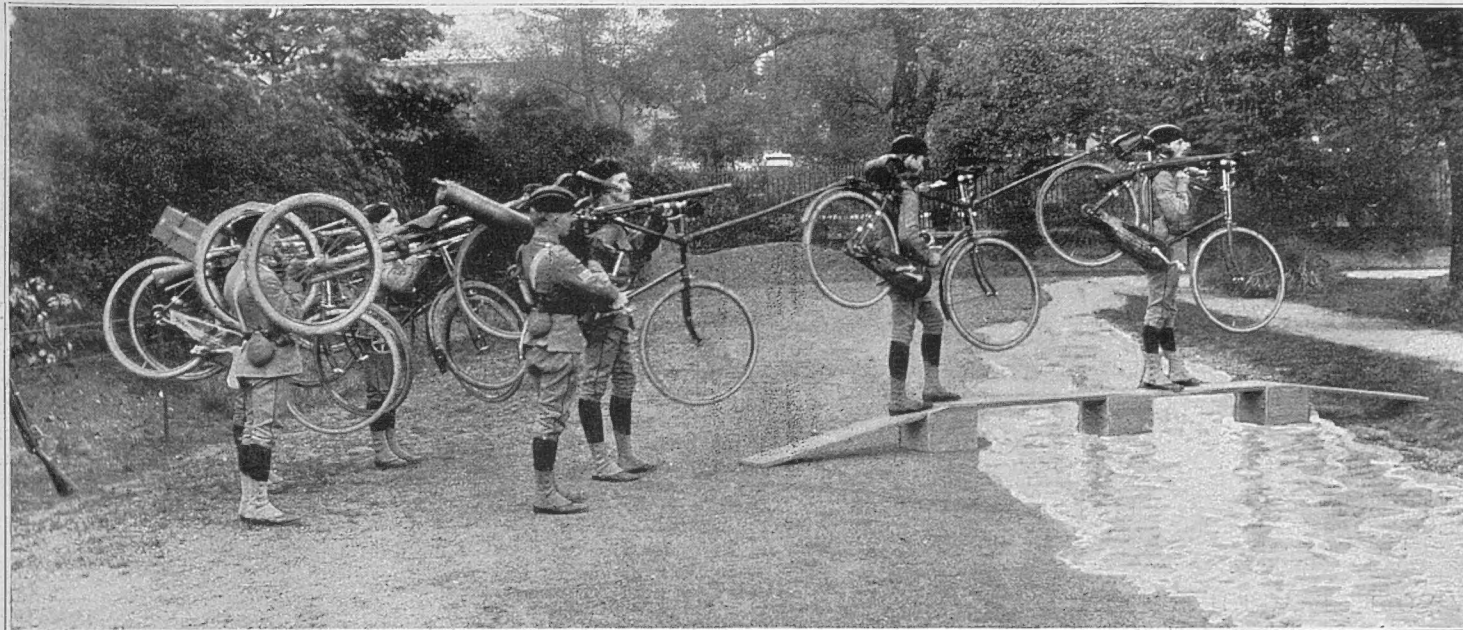
Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.





## VOLUNTEERS AS CYCLISTS.

*These pictures show the Cycle Corps of the 26th Middlesex. They use Swift War-cycles. The weight of the gun is 60 lb., the weight of ammunition 30 lb. per man. The gun is generally hauled by a motor tricycle; but for scouting across country, where silence is necessary, the gun is hauled by the emergency tackle, as shown in the picture.*



CARRYING GUNS OVER OBSTACLES.



METHOD OF CARRYING WOUNDED ON HURDLE.



HOLDING A ROAD AGAINST CAVALRY.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. J. CAMPBELL.



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EVERY EVENING at 9, THE MANŒUVRES OF JANE. By Henry Arthur Jones.  
At 8.10 A GOLDEN WEDDING. MATINEES EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.15.

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CAPTAIN SWIFT. By Haddon Chambers.

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GREATER BRITAIN EXHIBITION.  
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Dublin, 1899.

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HARWICH and the HOOK OF HOLLAND.

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**OBJECTS OF BIJOUTERIE AND VERTU.**

One of the problems of past years was to find a use for small boys. Like the poor, they are always with us; seldom useful, never very ornamental, prone to mischief when they are not too lazy for exertion of any kind. Their true use has been discovered recently; Nature intends them to be sent on messages to far countries. Whether they should return is quite another question. I think they should not. I notice that another small boy left England last Sunday week on a little journey. He was commissioned by one of the tourist agents to carry a fine dog to the Sultan of Turkey. Doubtless the youth will be interviewed on his return, and will tell us the true facts about the Armenian Question and the troubles in Macedonia. At the same time, the people who sent the dog seem to forget that Eastern potentates are accustomed to receive their gifts from people of distinction. The envoys who bring Abdul Hamid tribute of *bijouterie*, *vertu*, and Circassian ladies are always people of certain repute. The Pasha who sent his master a gift by one of his lackeys would probably be severely snubbed at Yildiz Kiosk; further East, he would stand an excellent chance of paying the penalty of discourtesy with his liberty, if not with his life. Tastes differ, as the rabid Anti-Semite remarked when reminded that the objects of his aversion were the Chosen People. For myself I would rather carry the love-letter of a business-like novelist across the "big drink" than carry dogs to the Father of the Faithful. There is not quite so much excitement in the New World venture, but there is proportionately less risk.

The jewel of the present season is likely to be the olivine, or green garnet, though turquoise maintains a strong hold on fashionable favour. Every month has its precious stone—if I mistake not, the jewel of May is the agate—but Fashion is capricious, and chooses often to honour one stone and reject others, to the dismay of the jeweller who has endeavoured to anticipate her decrees. One man, a remarkably good judge, whose magnificent stock is on view less than one hundred miles from Bond Street, speculated heavily in the stone called chrysoprase a few years ago, believing the demand would outlive the supply. He reckoned unwisely, and was left with a stock that was practically unsaleable at remunerative prices. It is not easy to realise that "corners" are frequently attempted, and sometimes achieved, in precious stones. Pearls are the favourites with speculators, but in the early part of the present year emeralds were cornered, and the price pushed to a height that it still maintains. Diamonds are too much controlled by South Africa to respond to the manipulation of dealers. I am told that the price of antique silver is rising steadily, and new silver goes lower.

Apropos of the picture reproduced from the *Illustrated London News* of 1847, showing a sort of cab taximeter, a correspondent adduces a still earlier instance. In Evelyn's "Diary," under date Aug. 6, 1657, we read—

I went to see Colonel Blount, who showed me the application of the "waywiser" to a coach, exactly measuring the miles, and showing them by an index as we went on. It had three circles, one pointing to the number of rods, another to the miles, by ten to one thousand, with all the subdivision of quarters, very pretty and very useful.

**EPSOM RACES, May 30 and 31, and June 1 and 2.**—The only route to the Epsom Downs Racecourse Station, and the quickest route to the Races, is by the BRIGHTON RAILWAY from London Bridge, Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), Clapham Junction, &c.

**EPSOM DOWNS STATION.**—This spacious and convenient Station, within a few minutes' walk of the Grand Stand, has been specially prepared for the Race Traffic, and additional First-Class Ladies' Waiting-Rooms provided.

FREQUENT DIRECT SPECIAL EXPRESS AND CHEAP TRAINS between the above Stations on all four days of the Races, also Extra First-Class Special Express Trains on the "Derby" and "Oaks" days.

THROUGH BOOKINGS.—Arrangements have been made with the London and North-Western, Great Western, Great Northern, and Midland Railways to issue Through Tickets from all their principal Stations.

The Trains of the above Railway Companies all run either to the Victoria or Kensington (Addison Road) Stations in connection with the above Special Trains to the Epsom Downs Station.

**EPSOM TOWN STATION.**—Express and Cheap Trains to Epsom Town Station will also run as required from London Bridge, Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), and Clapham Junction.

**THE SPECIAL EXPRESS TICKETS** may be obtained on and from Saturday, May 27, at the Company's Offices, 28, Regent Street 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, and 6, Arthur Street East, which offices will remain open until 10 p.m., May 29, 30, and 31, and June 1. These tickets may also be obtained at Hays', 26, Old Bond Street, and 4, Royal Exchange Buildings.

For Particulars, see Handbills, or address Superintendent of the Line, London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, London Bridge, S.E.

**LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.****EPSOM SUMMER RACES.—THE SHORTEST ROUTE.**

ON TUESDAY, MAY 30, WEDNESDAY, 31st (Derby), THURSDAY, JUNE 1, and FRIDAY, 2nd (Oaks).

CHEAP TRAINS from WATERLOO, Vauxhall, Hammersmith, Kensington (Addison Road), West Brompton, Chelsea, Battersea, Clapham Junction, and Wimbledon Stations to EPSOM, on Tuesday and Thursday, up to 11.20 a.m., and SPECIAL FAST TRAINS from 11.30 a.m. to 1.35 p.m. CHEAP TRAINS on Wednesday (the Derby) and Friday (the Oaks) up to 9.5 a.m., and SPECIAL FAST TRAINS from 9.30 a.m. till 1.35 p.m.

A SPECIAL DIRECT TRAIN will leave WATERLOO, stopping at Vauxhall only, at 1.30 p.m. on each of the Race Days, arriving at EPSOM 2 p.m.

For the convenience of Passengers from the Northern and Midland Counties, arrangements have been made with the various Railway Companies to issue Through Tickets to Epsom which will be available from Waterloo, Kensington, Ludgate Hill, Vauxhall, and Clapham Junction.

A SPECIAL FAST TRAIN (First Class only) for WATERLOO will leave EPSOM at 4 p.m. each day, calling only at WIMBLEDON, CLAPHAM JUNCTION, and VAUXHALL.

The Company's West-End Office, 30, Regent Street, Piccadilly Circus, and the Central Office, 9, Grand Hotel Building, Charing Cross, and Messrs. Lavington Bros., 69, Old Bailey, E.C., will remain open until 10 p.m. on May 29, 30, 31, and June 1, for the sale of tickets and giving general information.

The Cheap Excursion Tickets from LONDON to Ewell, Epsom, Ashted, and Leatherhead will not be issued on May 30 and 31, June 1 and 2.

NOTE.—Tickets taken by the Brighton Company's line to Epsom are not available to return by the London and South-Western short quick route. CHAS. J. OWENS, General Manager.



## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The whole wide world has only one thought to-day—The Queen. For her Majesty celebrates her Eightieth Birthday, and in a few weeks she will have reached the sixty-second anniversary of her accession to the throne. Old, and yet she is so strong and well that she was able, on Monday last week, to visit Kensington Palace, where she was born on this day eighty years ago (May 24, 1819). On Tuesday she held a Drawing-Room, and on Wednesday she laid the foundation-stone of the building which will complete the South Kensington Museum (inaugurated in 1857 by the Prince Consort), and henceforth to be known as the Victoria and Albert Museum.



STATUE OF THE QUEEN AT DURBAN.

and representatives of all public departments, performed the ceremony (on April 19) in the presence of a vast and enthusiastic crowd. After the presentation of an address from the burgesses of Durban, his Excellency read a telegram from the Queen expressing her gratification at the loyalty and affection implied in the erection of the statue. The statue, which is of white marble, is the work of Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, and is unquestionably the finest piece of sculpture in South Africa.

Personally, I am an ardent admirer of the Queen, even to the point of penning a birthday set of verses to her, although that sort of laureatism is quite new to me—

"God bless the Queen!"—There's only one.  
Her Kingdom knows no setting sun.  
"The Queen!" unnumbered voices cry;  
"The Queen!" the echoing hosts reply,  
For Eighty Years  
Of Joy and Tears  
Have passed for her we magnify.

"The Queen"—the toast rings round and round,  
From torrid zone to arctic-bound.  
It flutters on the flying wind,  
From Greenland's shores to burning Ind.  
The world's great soul,  
From pole to pole,  
Thrills at her name, and strife is dinned.

Nigh fourscore years have passed; but she  
Is still the Sovereign of the Sea.  
Yet she whom all the world must bless  
Came into life a plain Princess,  
Whose chance to reign  
Seemed all so vain,  
In pinafore and childishness.

For George was King that far-off May,  
Then William passed and had his day.  
The world was reading "Ivanhoe," beau.  
And still it talked of Brummel, beau.  
The Duke was dined;  
Napoleon pined  
On St. Helena's wasting woe.

Queen Caroline, Queen Adelaide,  
Heard of the lovely little maid  
Whom all the nations now extol,  
Who then was pleased to nurse her doll,  
Or spent her days  
In pony-chaise  
By Kensington's brick capitol.

That's long ago! It seems a dream,  
For men had scarcely thought of steam—  
They lived their lives at peace, serene,  
For telegraphs were unforeseen:  
She lives, a link;  
And hence we drink  
This stirrup—"Gentlemen, the Queen!"

Few of the Queen's predecessors have reached the allotted span of threescore years and ten, and one only has lived to celebrate the attainment of the patriarchal age of eighty. That one was George III., of whose last years Thackeray drew so pathetic a picture—

He was not only sightless, he became utterly deaf. All light, all reason, all sound of human voices, all the pleasures of this world of God, were taken from him. . . . Fall, dark curtain, upon his pageant, his pride, his grief, his awful tragedy!

Such was the state of the closing years of the only English monarch before Queen Victoria who achieved his fourscore years, and, in such circumstances, what could there be of general rejoicing?—rejoicing in which the central figure, immured in a confinement more pitiable than the tomb, could take no share. The aged and stricken Sovereign probably spent that birthday not in the halls of stately Windsor, as the Queen will do, but in that house which he had erected hard by the Castle for the Queen and her children—a plain mansion called the "Queen's Lodge," where infinitely less state was kept, even before the King's illness, than at many a nobleman's castle. When King George celebrated his Jubilee, the country rejoiced over the event from one end to the other, and every newspaper of that period is filled with glowing accounts of the rejoicings. But the completion of the monarch's eightieth year is thus simply recorded in the *Times* of June 5, 1818—

Yesterday was the birthday of the King, when his Majesty completed his eightieth year. The usual marks of respectful congratulation were observed, such as the ringing of bells, the displaying of flags, and the illumination of the public buildings. The melancholy condition of the Sovereign has long precluded those personal tributes of attention and duty which used to be paid with so much loyal pleasure on this occasion; but it is a high credit to the people of England that no absence, no seclusion of their respected Monarch from their sight, can obliterate his excellencies from their memory.

It was Sir George Chubb who designed the casket placed by the Queen under the foundation-stone of the Victoria and Albert Museum. It was made in beaten copper with gold enrichments, and a domed lid



THE GREAT STAIRCASE AT KENSINGTON PALACE, UP AND DOWN WHICH THE QUEEN, AS A LITTLE PRINCESS, MUST OFTEN HAVE TODDLED.

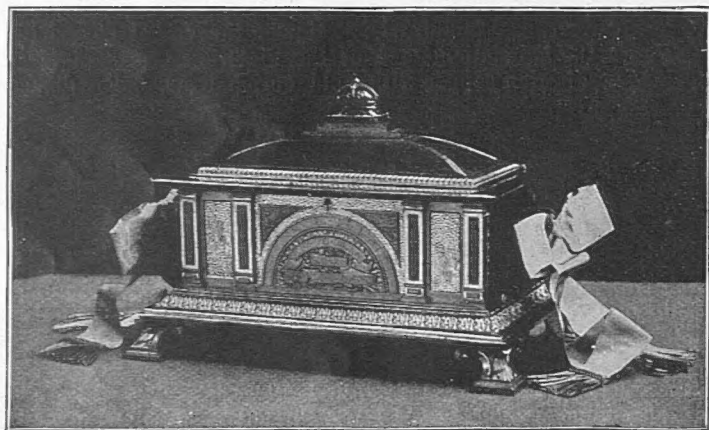
*Pictured in 1819 by C. Wild.*



surmounted by the Imperial Crown on a cushion. The top and base of the casket had wide projecting flanges, giving the necessary strength in construction and adding to the dignity of the design. The front was divided into three panels, the centre containing a lunette with a scroll bearing the words "South Kensington Science and Art Department," the upper spaces being occupied by devices relating to the pictorial arts. The inside, in which the records and coins were placed by the Queen, was lined with royal-blue velvet. The casket was finally closed by a small gold key of very elegant design, bearing the initials "V. R. I.," with a crown above.

Perhaps the most worthy of all charities is that which endeavours to relieve the distresses of those who, though now poor and in want, have seen better days. Not the better days of the suburban landlady, be it understood, but better days which, in the natural course of events, surround gentle birth. In view of the fearful distress to which many of this class are reduced through adverse circumstances, a society has lately been formed for the investigation and relief of all such cases as come under the notice of the Committee, and a great deal of good has been done in aiding dire distress; and for the purpose of replenishing the Association's dwindling coffers, a ball will be given at the Empress Rooms, Palace Hotel, on June 1. Princess Christian has consented to patronise this work, and is working actively in the cause with the Duchess of Leeds, Lady Crawford and Balcarres, Lady Ilchester, Lord and Lady Maitland, Colonel and Mrs. Knollys, Captain Rolleston, Mrs. Elphinstone Maitland, and others. The Blue Viennese Band has been engaged, and it is to be hoped that a wide support will be given to this pleasing function, which has been organised in such an excellent cause as that of the Distressed Gentlefolks Association. The Marchioness Cassar de Saur, 1, Curzon Street, will send tickets on application.

Lady Crossley's ball at the Savoy Hotel was a great success. Prince and Princess Duleep Singh were among those present, and Prince



A BURIED CASKET DESIGNED FOR THE QUEEN BY SIR GEORGE CHUBB.

Francis of Teck came in rather late; Lady Sybil Primrose, who had many inquiries to answer about her absent sister; Lady de Grey, looking very well, and not at all as if she were in for an attack of influenza; Lady Pembroke; the Austrian Ambassador and Countess Deym, who were accompanied by their son, Count Constantine, who had, by the way, been learning how the poor of the East-End of London live a day or two before, and had even been taken over the two opium-dens which ornament Whitechapel. Lady Huntingdon, with her brothers, the three "bear" Wilsons, all came on from their farewell dinner-party at the Savoy. Sir Charles and Lady Hartopp accompanied them from the same function.

Mr. Arthur Balfour has made a new sort of reputation in a very quiet way during the present Session. The piloting of Bills was not supposed to be one of his accomplishments. As a rule, his ignorance of details and his indifference to them prevented him from distinguishing himself in Committee work, and his earliest speeches on the London Government Bill were not encouraging. Gradually, however, he worked himself into a knowledge of the subject, and increase of intimacy led to increase of interest. He did not always show the readiness which distinguishes Mr. Chamberlain, but he was much more conciliatory. The Radicals, who like him personally, carried on their controversies with the Leader of the House in the most amiable and good-humoured manner, while his own respect for them seemed to grow from day to day. He had Sir Robert Finlay constantly at his side to advise him on legal points, and to keep him right in details. It was, however, largely due to his own tact and conciliatoriness that so intricate a Bill got through Committee before Whitsuntide. Success in a task of this sort does not count for much in the country. People outside, indeed, wonder what Parliament has been doing. Inside, however, Mr. Balfour has strengthened his position by the patience, the good-temper, and the pleasantness with which he has discharged an uncongenial duty, and he will be able to enjoy his favourite game during the recess with the consciousness that the most tedious task of the Session has been accomplished.

The average Englishman seems to connect Armenia irrevocably with Crete, but there are places where the Armenian can be quite safe and happy. Calcutta has been the home of Armenians for several years, and even so far back as in 1688 they enjoyed the same privileges as the English in Govindpur. Chutanutti (pronounced "Shuttanutti," as in Portuguese, whence the transliteration is borrowed), and Kalikātā, which three small villages were eventually formed into one united settlement, Kalikātā, or Calcutta. Mr. C. O. Gregory, an Armenian gentleman, has written and published, through Mr. Fisher Unwin, a novel about his country-people, called "The Sultan's Mandate," and he has devoted a few pages of it to the Armenians in India, and more especially in Calcutta. One of the leading pleaders of the High Court there is an Armenian.



AN ARMENIAN MAID.  
Photo by Harrington and Co.

The illness of Sir Henry Irving was greatly exaggerated. He might have occupied his enforced leisure—perhaps he did—by reading M. Galdemar's "Story of M. Victorien Sardou's Play" (just issued by Messrs. Pearson), or Professor Ten Brink's *Life of Robespierre*, which the Hutchinsons have published in a handsome form, with sixteen illustrations. Who says that the stage has no influence?

When the sweet o' the year comes in with the advent of May (only it hasn't this year!), the enthusiasts who bathe all the year round in the Serpentine are joined by an ever-increasing band between six and eight o'clock every morning. It is curious and amusing to notice the contempt with which the veterans of December look upon the timorous new-comers and venturers forth in May. "What are you doing here?" their very glance seems to growl. Pity the poor recruit who stammers with chattering jaws, "R-r-rather co-co-cold, isn't it, sir?" "Cold!" is the answer, with a hostile glare; "Cold? Well, I call it uncomfortably hot; of course, people who never take a bath—!" They are such hardy fellows, these veterans! Several of them (notably one grey-haired, clean-built athlete) make a point of taking off their shoes the moment they enter Kensington Gardens, and running bare-footed all the way to the Serpentine! On they go, over the beautifully dappled greensward, scaring the quiet sheep, clearing the hurdles in their way, and, then—in twenty minutes, you will see them coming back, looking, as Meredith says of Dartrey Fenellan, fresh from his swim, "bright and sharp as a razor off the strop!"

It may be that the Californian poet, Ina Coolbrith, who was recently appointed librarian of the Bohemian Club, San Francisco, will anew attest the truth of the axiom that the bard learns in suffering what he teaches

in song. The care and maintenance of relatives has long devolved upon Miss Coolbrith, and she replied to congratulations on her appointment, "This is the first time the doors of freedom have been opened to me since I was fifteen years of age." Away back in the 'sixties, when Bret Harte was editing the *Overland Magazine*, Miss Coolbrith was one of his steadiest poetical contributors, and to her he first read, before publication, his story of "The Outcasts of Poker Flat." Charles W. Stoddard, writing in a reminiscent way of the days when literature was young in California, alludes thus to Miss Coolbrith's cosy parlour in San Francisco: "Here Bret Harte chatted with the hostess over the table of contents of the forthcoming *Overland Magazine*."



THE SCOTCH TERRIER, "SEMPER FIDELIS."

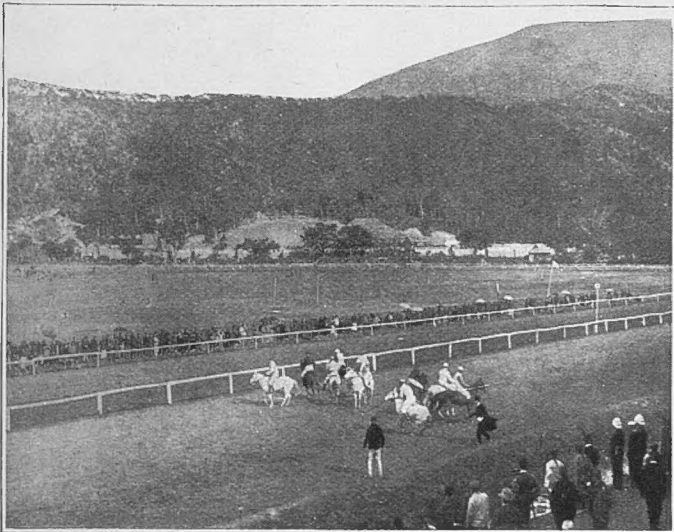
"Semper Fidelis" is a black brindle whose pedigree combines the blood of Champions Dundee, Alister, and Kildee. This terrier is described by the leading Kennel papers as being one of the best-bodied dogs of the present day. He is a splendid ratter and first-rate companion, and full of Scottish-terrier character. The property of Captain R. Bennett (by Strathblane ex Starra), he was born on April 9, 1895, and has won many prizes.



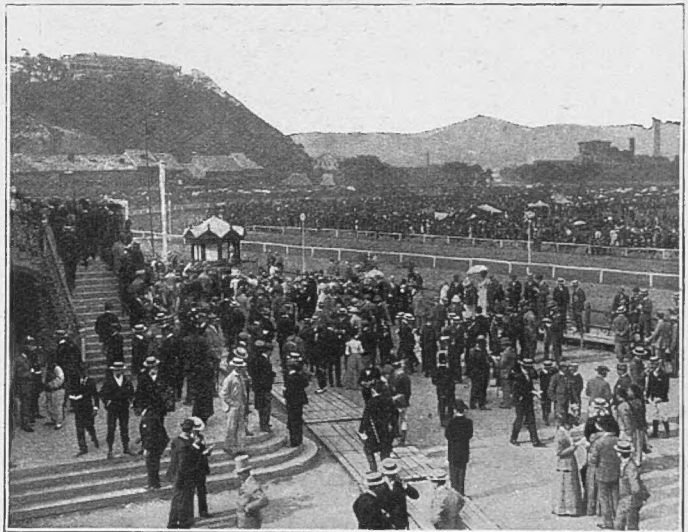
The racecourse at Hong-Kong, situated in the beautiful "Happy Valley," is (writes a correspondent) perhaps one of the prettiest in the world. Doubly picturesque does it appear during the annual race-meeting, held usually in February, for then the natural beauties of the valley are enhanced by the gaiety and variety of a most interesting scene. The kaleidoscopic colour-effect presented by a great concourse of Asiatics offers at all times a striking contrast to the more sombre aspect of a European crowd; and, though possibly an assemblage mainly composed of Chinese cannot compare with its Indian equivalent, still a moving picture is made. Horse-racing appeals to John Chinaman as no other Western sport does. Huge throngs of dark-blue coated and light-blue petticoated Celestials swarm around the course for three whole days, which are observed throughout the entire colony as public holidays. The prevailing colour of a Chinese crowd is, of course, blue, this being the colour of the national dress; but in a Hong-Kong crowd it is relieved by a variety of bright colours worn by the Indian section of the population, among which the long, flowing robes of white or yellow worn by the giant Pathans of the Hong-Kong Regiment (when in mufti),

garden next to the one he now hid in, ladies were playing lawn-tennis, while a party of men were playing hockey in a field adjoining. The alarm given, rackets and hockey-clubs were dropped, the ladies flying for safety and the men for rifles. Among the recruits which now joined Captain Burton was a bull-terrier, to whom all credit for the subsequent proceedings was due. She found the tiger, which, though he could have struck her dead with a single blow, bolted, with "Sal" after him, across the open, and was wounded in the fusilade which followed. It was now dark, and though "Sal" marked the tiger down again in a thick hedge, it was impossible to kill him.

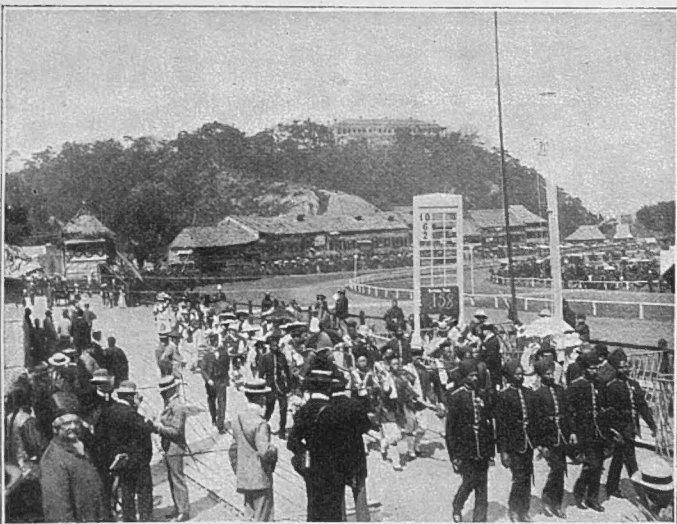
Next morning he had vanished; but, five days later, while Captain Burton was riding through a village some miles from Jalna, the ryots appealed to him to rid them of a tiger which had seized and mauled a man that day. It proved to be his Jalna acquaintance, with a broken leg, so, organising a party, which included "Sal," he set to work to track the tiger down, the more anxiously as the villager meantime had succumbed to his injuries. On the second day, "Sal" drove the tiger out



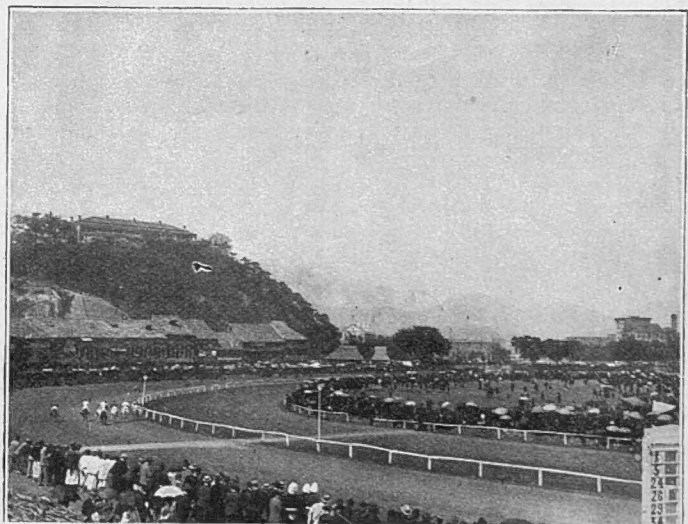
PREPARING TO START.



BETWEEN THE RACES.



ARRIVAL OF THE GOVERNOR'S CORTÈGE.



VIEW FROM GRAND STAND: KOWLOON HILLS IN THE DISTANCE.

HORSE-RACING AT HONG-KONG.

and surmounted by turbans of bright yellow or green or red, stand out conspicuously. The crimson turbans of the Sikhs, of whom there are a great number in Hong-Kong, in the Police and Asiatic Artillery, provide gay notes of colour here, there, and everywhere. Further colour is provided by the flags and festoons with which the booths above the stables are decorated, and the usual bright hues of "the silks and satins of the Turf," together with a great number of smartly dressed ladies, combine to make a very pretty scene, which is very inadequately represented by photography. Some idea, however, of what a race-meeting in Hong-Kong is like may be gleaned from these "snapshots."

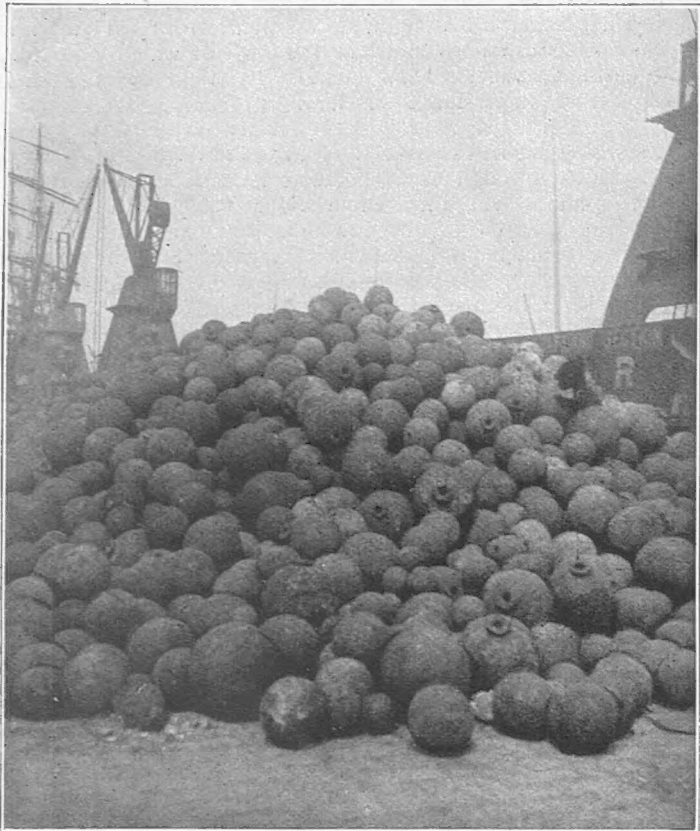
The last-received number of the *Journal* of the Bombay Natural History Society contains a tiger-story from Jalna well worth repeating. On Nov. 18 last, at about 5 p.m., a gardener came to Captain R. G. Burton, who is a well-known sportsman, and told him a panther was lying in the compound of an empty bungalow close by, and Captain Burton, with a friend and some native servants, accordingly went to look for it. There was a large patch of jungly grass in the compound, and from this the natives beat out, not a panther, but a tiger, which, after mauling one man badly, cleared hedge and road with a bound and disappeared behind another hedge. The curious feature of the situation was that in the

of some thick cover into a clump of bushes, whither this plucky dog followed and closed with him. She came out once, showing some ugly wounds, but returned to the attack, to emerge again bleeding and quite exhausted. Showers of stones failed to move the tiger. As a man-eater, the party felt bound to kill him if they could, so took the excessively dangerous step of following him into the bushes, where, by great luck, they killed him before he could spring.

The British farmer knows from sad experience what mischief follows in his district when one solitary dog strays from virtue's path and devotes his energies to sheep-worrying. His Australian sheep-farming brother has two canine foes to contend with—the native dog, or dingo, and the common vagrant cur, both of which do an enormous amount of damage. In New South Wales alone, during 1897, according to the last Government report, the loss in sheep killed by dingoes was estimated at 172,571 head, valued at £39,164, and by domestic dogs 78,901 sheep, valued at £18,500. Under these circumstances, one naturally looks for the dingo in the list of "noxious animals," on whose head, or rather, scalp, a price is set. During 1897, rewards were paid for 13,264 dingoes, the sums varying from five to forty shillings for a full-grown dog, and from two to fifteen shillings for puppies.



This photograph was taken on a wharf at Glasgow, and depicts a portion of a cargo of shells recently arrived from Spain. They are of all sizes, and were purchased by the Spaniards for use against the Americans during the recent war, but, owing to various reasons, were



SHELLS PURCHASED BY THE SPANIARDS TO KILL THE AMERICANS, BUT NEVER USED.

Photo by Christopher Arden, Southam.

not made use of. Now, possibly owing to the sharp rise in the metal market, they have been sent over here to be sold as old metal. Of course, it is needless to state that the explosives have been removed.

Montreux, the fashionable Swiss resort, was very gay the other day, when it celebrated the third *Fête des Narcisses*. This annual holiday, instituted in 1897, is to Montreux what the Battle of Flowers is to the Riviera resorts, and, owing to its originality and really artistic merits, has met with a large measure of success. Favoured by brilliant weather, the crowds who flocked in from the neighbouring towns cheered vociferously the children of all ages who, in pretty and quaint costumes, took part in the open-air ballets. Deserted by nearly all its fashionable visitors, the Queen of Towns on Lake Lemman is, nevertheless, on the advent of spring and its flowers, more lovely than at any other time of the year, and the enchanting public gardens, surrounded by lake and mountain, in which the fête is held, tend to enhance a spectacle the beauty of which must be seen to be appreciated.

The Balzac Centennial in France last week did not pass like quinine in a capsule. Tours, in Brittany, where the great writer was born, woke up from its long sleep for the circumstance, and woke up to renew the quarrels of a hundred years ago, and produce a scene of discord. Balzac in his day was a Chouan—that is to say, a Royalist—and the Royalist party wanted to make capital out of the fact, which exclusive pretension was opposed by the rest of the Tourangian world. Hence, polemics; an exchange of irreparable words. The Royalists remained masters of the field, and there followed the extraordinary spectacle of a celebration to the most famous child of the city from which the city officials were absent by design.

Decidedly Tours guards its rancours. But the powers that be will have the last word: the Chambers propose to move the great writer's bones to the Panthéon, which is a sort of Republican canonisation. Here begins another incident, happily of a different colour. Is it certain that Balzac's bones can be identified? Everybody knows that, if celebrated Frenchmen travel little during life, their bones have a singular habit of peregrination. Voltaire's and Rousseau's bones have had each a veritable Odyssey. They are supposed officially to lie to-day in the Panthéon, but, as there are people to deny that what is there is genuine, the Government had

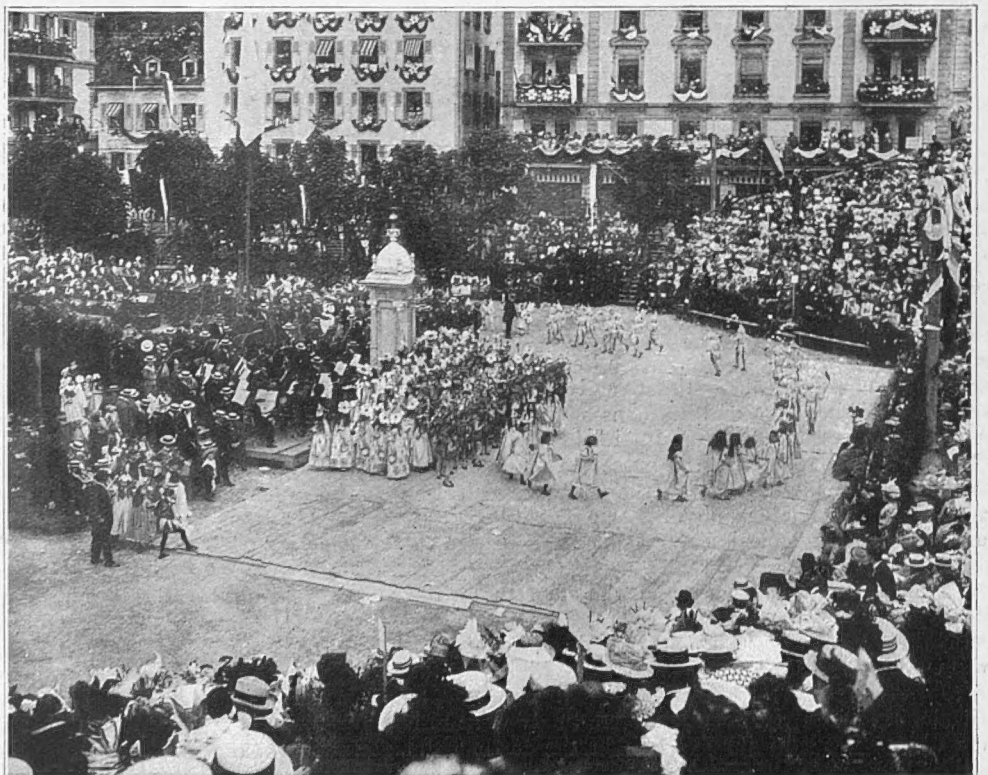
them disinterred the other day for proofs. Both sides claimed the proofs, and matters are where they were. An inquiry was made the other day for General Marceau's dust, and it was ascertained that several parcels had been made of it, one of which is now lying deposited at the banking-house of the *Crédit Lyonnais*. Thus it is never safe to speak with certainty of any great Frenchman's whereabouts after he has left this mortal scene. It is understood that Balzac shall be lodged in the Panthéon if he can be found and authenticated. Decidedly the human comedy did not die with Balzac.

Another instance, apparently, of the success of an intelligent interest in literature which is more than a mere contemporary phase is the purchase of the well-known estate of Cardney, near Dunkeld, by Mr. Charles Chambers, the senior partner of the firm of W. and S. Chambers, and the addition of Mr. Chambers to the list of Scottish lairds, among whom his genial *confrère* in the book world, Mr. William Blackwood, has long held a not inconsiderable position. The estate of Cardney has much that is picturesque, not only in itself and its surroundings, but also in its annals, not the least significant of which is the fact that its charter is associated with no less modern a person than King Robert the Bruce. It lies right in the heart of the Atholl district, "doun by the Tummel and banks of the Garry." The next estate is Bretherstone, the last country residence of Mr. Gladstone, and now leased by Mr. George Armitstead, while Mr. Chambers's other immediate neighbours are the Duke of Atholl, the Lord Advocate, Lord Kincairney, and Mr. Fotheringham, of Murthly Castle. The sporting distinctions of Cardney are many, for it was rented for many years by Captain Basil Brooke, in his day one of the best shots in the country.

It is no mere everyday matter to record the death of a man who was born in a French prison seven years before the final overthrow of the first Napoleon, and who last year submitted a paper before the Obstetrical section of the British Medical Association which was regarded by experts as an important contribution to the literature of the subject. This has to be noted by the death of Dr. John Moir, whose father was a naval surgeon and was imprisoned at Verdun during the Napoleonic wars. A devoted wife found him in prison, and it was in the French fortifications that "the Father of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh" was born in 1808, death coming to him peacefully a few days ago in the Northern capital. The tall figure of Dr. Moir was an inspiring note in the scientific world of Edinburgh. To the end he evinced a keen and intelligent interest in the affairs of the medical profession.

A correspondent writes—

Notwithstanding varied statements to the contrary, there cannot be much doubt that his Holiness the Pope walks not far from the Valley of the Dark Shadow. I recently had the privilege of seeing him, and I saw that life counted for little in that small, shrunken, withered figure, whose æsthetic face proclaimed to an observing eye that it was looking longingly and yearningly beyond what seemed to him mere temporary things. I have seen many old men stepping into their graves, but I have never seen one who seemed so near as the Pope, and yet seemed to hold on tenaciously to life. The main sign of his vitality was the fulness and power of his voice, which in the pronunciation of the Benediction in St. Peter's on April 16 rang out clearly through the church, and was heard with distinctness in nearly every corner of the massive pile. With regard to the election of his successor, this I can only say, that a considerable acquaintance with those who ought to know in the Italian capital convinces me that the nomination of our English Cardinal, as suggested by a London morning contemporary, is not likely to come into the sphere of the practical politics of the Vatican.



THE CHILDREN'S PROCESSION IN THE FÊTE DES NARCISSES, MONTREUX.



A monument has just been erected at Lucknow by the 1st Battalion of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry in memory of their comrades who perished in the Mutiny. The story of their gallantry is soon told—

From April 1857, when the first signs of mutiny showed themselves, the Duke of Cornwall's, the only Queen's regiment in the province, were constantly



IN HONOUR OF "THE DUKE OF CORNWALL'S LIGHT INFANTRY."

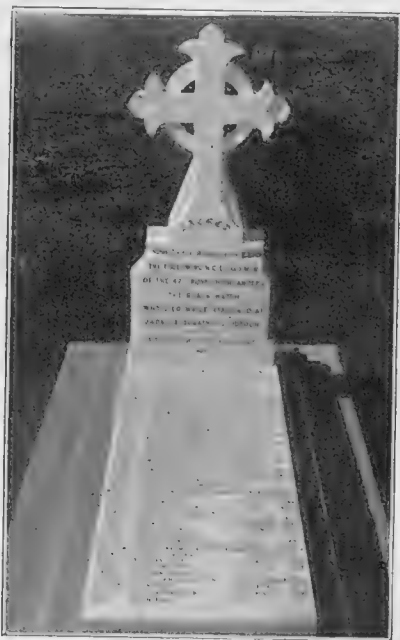
on the alert. The outbreak was precipitated by the terrible disaster at Chinhut on the 30th June, when the regiment left 115 of all ranks on the field, and from that date the handful of men commanded by Colonel Inglis, after the death of Lawrence on the fifth day of siege, was regularly besieged. For eighty-seven days not only were the feeble and uncompleted defences assailed by a series of assaults, but day and night, though stricken by cholera, small-pox, and scurvy, though assailed in turns by the scorching Indian sun and by heavy tropical rains, working by day, watching by night, and insufficiently fed, the gallant garrison held its own against the incessant fire of an enemy of overwhelming strength, possessing powerful artillery, having at its command the whole resources of what but recently had been a kingdom, and animated by an insane and bloodthirsty fanaticism. Relief, or rather, reinforcements, came on Sept. 25, when Outram and Havelock fought their way against fearful odds through the streets of Lucknow into the Residency; but it was not until Nov. 22, after the arrival of Sir Colin Campbell's army, that the defences were finally evacuated. Of the company at Cawnpore but few particulars are known. Of the men and of the 102 defenceless women and innocent children belonging to the regiment, who died of the pestilence that was among them, who perished by fire and sword, who lived to endure the unspeakable agony of the final scene—these are secrets of the tomb. During the defence of Lucknow and of Cawnpore, and during the subsequent operations in Oudh, no less than 15 officers and 448 non-commissioned officers and private soldiers of the regiment perished.

The monument, which was unveiled by Lady Inglis, the widow of the Sir John who commanded the regiment in the Mutiny, consists of two large blocks of granite specially sent out from the Bosahan Quarry, near Penryn, in the regiment's native county of Cornwall. One block, weighing over five tons, forms a base, on which is set a monolith fifteen feet high and weighing seven tons. This form of monument may be considered especially appropriate, as the obelisk has, from the earliest times, been accepted as the emblem of strength and dominion. The idea of strength is still further emphasised by the perfect simplicity of the lines of the blocks, which are un moulded and unpolished. A decorative effect is given by the bronze shield bearing the Arms of the County of Cornwall emblazoned in colour. The monument has been executed from the designs of Mr. Howard Ince, 35, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Another military monument has just been erected in India. Its inscription tells its story—

Sacred to the memory of the following [forty] N[on-C]ommissioned Officers and Men of the 42nd Royal Highlanders (the Black Watch), who died while stationed at Umballa, Subathu, and Jutogh. Erected by the regiment.

Mr. H. M. Stanley has been using his influence to secure the £4000 for the proposed bronze obelisk which, as I have already noted, was being promoted, and which is intended to mark the spot where Dr. Livingstone died in Central Africa. He has elicited a reply also from the Government that they are about to consider the advisability of carrying out the proposed railway from Chiromo, on the River Shiré, to Lake Nyassa. When Livingstone was in this neighbourhood, he longed to found colonies of folks from the Old Country, and was willing to subscribe £2000 for such a purpose. He was fully persuaded that no good could ever be done by the Portuguese, who were a worn-out race. This railway would have had his warm commendation. The market for Nyassaland coffee is increasing, and the crop this year will exceed 12,000 cwt. It secures the highest price in the London market. At present, goods have to be conveyed by porters for about



IN HONOUR OF "THE BLACK WATCH."

two hundred miles, and a railway between Chiromo and Nyassa it seems likely will not be long delayed.

There is a very interesting history attaching to the origin of the National Monuments in Churches Bill, which the Earl of Camperdown has introduced into the House of Lords, and the rejection of which, when it reaches the Commons, is to be moved by Viscount Cranborne. When the late Lord Leighton passed away, a proposal, which was happily defeated, was made by the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's to remove to one of the crypts, in order to make room for a statue of the deceased President of the Royal Academy, the monument which was erected to Captain Burgess, R.N., who was killed at the Battle of Camperdown. One of those whose voice was raised more powerfully perhaps than any other person against this suggested outrage was "Edna Lyall," who, as a descendant of the Burgess family, wrote protesting against the action of the authorities, which was "taken in utter disregard of the express wishes of those who had a right to be consulted in the matter." "The monument," she added, "was erected by the nation to the honour of a brave man who laid down his life for his country, and we cannot think that fair-minded Englishmen will, without a strong protest, allow the nation's tribute to an eighteenth-century hero to be removed because a Dean desires that the monument of a nineteenth-century painter shall take its place. St. Paul's is wide, and may surely offer an unoccupied site for the memorial to Lord Leighton." Thereupon the above Bill was introduced into the House of Commons by Sir Elliott Lees, M.P., and, failing to become law, is this Session being again brought forward in the Upper House.

The inhabitants of Nelson, Lancashire, can never forget the terrible disaster which befell the town in August, when five young women were drowned in Lake Derwentwater, for a monument has been erected over the grave of the victims. Built of granite, it is nineteen feet high, and has been erected at a cost of £180. On the four tablets is the following inscription—

In loving memory of Helena Clegg, aged 21 years; Frances Crossley, aged 21 years; Nancy Pickles, aged 20 years; Mary Alice Reed, aged 21 years; Mary Jane Smith, aged 21 years; Members of the Wesleyan Church and Sunday School, Carr Road, Nelson, who lost their lives in Lake Derwentwater on August 12th, 1898.

The cost of this monument was defrayed by the members of the Wesleyan Church and Sunday School, Nelson, assisted by townspeople and friends. "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided." Interred together in this grave August 16th.

The proposal to erect a memorial to Robert Pollok, author of "The Course of Time," recalls the fact that the remains of this Scottish poet rest in English soil. He died at Shirley, two miles from Southampton, in 1827, and was buried at Millbrook, where an obelisk of Peterhead granite was erected over his remains, with this inscription on the stone, written by his friend, Dr. John Brown, father of the author of "Rab and His friends": "The grave of Robert Pollok, A.M., author of 'The Course of Time.' His immortal poem is his monument. Erected by admirers of his genius." Rosaline Masson, daughter of Professor Masson, closes her recent monograph on Pollok with the words, "And is it immortal? Have you read it, reader?"

I understand that the memorial which is to be erected by the Office of Works to the two thousand or more Chelsea Pensioners who lie buried in the railed enclosure in Brompton Cemetery will, at the suggestion of the Commissioners of the Institution, probably take the form of a simple granite column. Upon this would be inscribed a brief inscription setting forth the circumstances under which it was set up, it being obviously impossible to afford space for a record of all the old pensioners' names, their regiments, and war-services, even supposing that such a list were available. It may not be generally known that adjoining this old-world building is a burial-ground in which several centenarians were interred between the years 1737 and 1773. These were Robert Comming (at 116), Thomas Ashbey (112), Peter Bennet (107), Peter Dowling (102), and a soldier who was killed at the Battle of the Boyne (111). Within the Hospital precincts also are statues of Charles II. and Sir J. McGrigor, who was Physician-General to the Army under Wellington in Spain, as well as a memorial to those who fell in the various Indian campaigns.

A Swedish diplomatist, now stationed in America, named Count Wachtmeister, is, it appears, about to marry a great-granddaughter of the author of "The Last of the Mohicans" and the rest of the "Leather Stocking" series. This descendant of Fenimore Cooper is daughter of a millionaire Railway King of Des Moines, in Iowa. Her maiden-name is Miss Beulah Cooper Habbell.



FIVE GIRLS WHO WERE DROWNED LIE HERE.

Photo by Arthur Smith, Nelson, Lancs.



In writing about Hermitage Castle, the other day, I spoke about Little Jock Elliot of the Cark. Of course, I meant the Park. A correspondent, in recalling the mistake, adds—

Some branches of the Border family of Park derive their surname from this same Jock Elliot, who wounded Bothwell in the hand, 7th or 8th Oct., 1566, with a two-handed sword, after Bothwell (fourth Earl, James Hepburn) had shot him through the thigh with a "dag" (pistol). But this derivation of the name appears to be of very doubtful origin, as in Sir David Lindsay's "Ancient Heraldic Manuscripts" there is given a coat-of-arms granted to *Sir John de Park of that Ilk* about 1207 or 1209. I have not the book by me to refer to, and only write from memory. I have not been able to trace the locality of "that Ilk," and know of no place in Liddesdale now bearing the name of "the Park." It is curious that the Gordons and Grahams, both originally Border clans, were transplanted to Banffshire, Aberdeenshire, and Perthshire. There is a "Park" in the first county, to which it is possible a Border Elliot was also transplanted.

I may add that "Chinese" Gordon is supposed to have come from the Gordons of Park, in Banffshire, though nobody has been able to trace his exact descent. The present Laird of Park is Mr. Gordon Duff.

The first number of the *Gallovidian*, a new quarterly printed and published in Dalbeattie, and edited by "Douglas Carallan" (otherwise Hugh Kerr, chemist, of that town), has speedily gone out of print. As its name implies, the venture treats of subjects concerning the people and district of Galloway and adjoining Border lands, but one of its articles—that, namely, on "The Graves of Burns's Chloris and Clarinda," written by Mr. A. C. McBride, a grand-nephew of Allan Cunningham—is of interest to persons farther afield. Hardly any frequenter of the Canongate Churchyard, in Edinburgh, is aware that Mrs. McLehose, the heroine of Burns's sojourn in the Modern Athens, was laid to rest in the grave of her relative, Lord Craig, from whom, at his death in 1813,



ADAM BEDE: IS HE LOOKING FOR MRS. POYSER?

Photo by Hedges, Tylham.

she received an annuity, and it is rather surprising that no Burns enthusiast has directed attention to the untended, forlorn condition of the spot—at the east side, almost opposite the Fergusson monument which Burns had erected over his poetic precursor. Jean Lorimer, the Chloris of thirty Burns songs, was interred in the burying-ground now known as Newington Cemetery; but the fact that this heroine, beloved and befriended as she was by the poet's wife, sleeps in a nameless grave has not yet bestirred any Burns club or admirer of the poet to commemorate "the lassie wi' the lint-white locks." It is noteworthy, by the way, that in Edinburgh there are as many as sixteen Burnsian graves, including those of William Nicol and Allan Masterton—two of the immortal trio in "Willie brewed a peck o' maut."

Though Mr. Hugh Allan, editor of the *Ayrshire Advertiser*, cannot boast so long an occupancy of the editorial chair as some North Country journalists, he has the unusual, and mayhap unparalleled, experience of a fifty years' retrospect in one office, in which he has risen from office-boy to editor-in-chief. During his long period of service Mr. Allan has never been absent on account of illness. Mr. Allan—who has had as his co-workers on the *Advertiser* Mr. William Mcllwraith, proprietor of an influential journal in Queensland, and the late Howie Wylie, who published his first book, "Ayrshire Streams," when in Ayr—some time ago lost his eyesight. He continues, however, to do duty, and much of his leisure is occupied in the interests of musical matters in Ayr.

Every Englishman knows what a "dandy" means, but to the Anglo-Indian the word has two meanings. There are several Hill stations in India to which the approach is so steep and so rough that even the popular rickshaw cannot be got there, and the only conveyance is a sort of chair built in the native bazaar and called a "dandy." The "dandy" is constructed of wood, very lightly built, and covered with American leather, with poles on each side, converging at the ends, forming somewhat the shape of a canoe. At each end are two stout

leather rings, by which the whole is slung on to transverse poles which rest on the shoulders of the coolies. It is in these leather rings that the chief danger of this primitive structure lies, as in a hired "dandy" they are sometimes very worn, or even supplanted by bits of



A DARLING IN A "DANDY."

Photo by Miss Edith Lawson.

rope; and, at best, they are fastened in their place only by one huge nail, and sometimes this nail drops out and the ring consequently slips off, with the most disastrous result. The mountain coolie is rough and unsavoury, scantily but picturesquely clad in thick brown homespun material, hanging loosely to the knees; but his legs and feet are bare, in spite of which his pace is marvellous, up and down hill, over stones and stubble, and through water, perfectly irrespective of roads. With a little judicious bargaining, a "dandy" can be bought in the bazaar for about five rupees; your coolies are then dressed in livery, usually of bright colour and ample fit; they are then, as your private servants, dignified by the name of "Jampanni."

"Old Mortality" is commemorated by a monument erected near New Galloway. Robert Paterson, for that was "Old Mortality's" name, was born in the parish of Hawick in 1715, and died and was buried in Caerlaverock, near Lockerby, in 1801. The last forty years of his life were spent in traversing the extensive district of Scotland that had been influenced by the Cameronian doctrines, to which he was a devoted adherent, and to the last he travelled about from one churchyard to another, latterly on an old white pony, repairing or erecting gravestones, without fee or reward, to the memory of persons who had fallen or suffered for their religious tenets in the Civil Wars, or in the Covenanted times of a century previous. Sir Walter Scott met the old man personally on one occasion at Dunottar, and was much interested in his occupation, with the result that he called his novel dealing with the time of "Bloody Claverhouse" and his moss-troopers by the old man's name. In writing to John Murray, the publisher, in 1816, Sir Walter Scott says, "I knew 'Old Mortality' very well; his name was Paterson." Scott's novel, "Old Mortality," was, in the opinion of Lockhart (his biographer), the "Marmion" of his novels, and he states that it was Sir Walter's "first attempt to repeople the past by the power of his imagination working on material furnished by books."

Why seeks he with unwearied toil  
Through death's dim walks to urge his way,  
Reclaim his long-asserted spoil,  
And lead oblivion into day?—SCOTT.



"OLD MORTALITY," AS HE IS IMMORTALISED NEAR NEW GALLOWAY.

Photo by John Combrough.



The Annual Art Exhibition, held at Cromwell House last week, is highly commendable, not only for its tribute to art, but for its assistance in aiding deserving charitable institutions. Among the exhibits I particularly noticed an admirable portrait of the Hon Mrs. Wilson Fox, by Miss H. Diana Selater-Booth; while some pencil portraits of Mr. Rhodes, Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, and Mrs. H. Lindsay, by the Marchioness of Granby, were distinguished by their excellent outline. Miss Henniker contributed a charming Welsh landscape, and a street scene, by Mr. Hallam Murray, purchased by the Duchess of Cleveland, was charming in colour and perspective. A pastel, entitled "Hopes and Fears," by Mrs. Graham Smith, exhibited much expression with delicate execution. The Hon. Mrs. Lowther, who is president of the Society, sent a masterly sketch of Lowther Lodge from the garden. Among the works exhibited by nominees of the Amateur Art Exhibition, several deserved high praise. A charming little bit of sunlight, painted by Miss J. B. Badcock, a daughter of Prebendary Badcock, of Wells, was at once purchased by Mrs. Choate, the wife of the American Ambassador (who opened the exhibition on its second day), as it was "so thoroughly English." A river-scene on the Seine between bridges was the delicate work of Madame Viègnée, while a fine old portrait of the Marchioness of Lothian did great credit to Lady Durrant, nominated by Lady Maxwell Lyte, who takes the greatest interest in the exhibition, and enthusiastically assists its charitable aims. The Hon. Mrs. C. Eliot is the Honorary Secretary.

This picture represents a group of Doukhobors, or "spirit wrestlers," a schismatic sect of people inhabiting the country near the Caucasus. Unfortunately for themselves, this poor people shared the Czar's official views as to the iniquity of war, and in consequence they were harassed by the police, and their women flogged and violated, till life became



"SPIRIT WRESTLERS" WHO WERE DRIVEN OUT OF RUSSIA AND WENT TO CANADA.

unendurable under the benign rule of Nicholas II. So they resolved to seek a new home in the wilderness. The Canadian Government, with that wise liberality that characterises the present Liberal Administration of Sir W. Laurier, offered them a home, and, aided by Count Tolstoy's efforts and the sympathy of English and American friends, about eight thousand have crossed the Atlantic, and found peace and freedom of conscience under the British flag. They are being drafted off by families from Winnipeg, and will form farming settlements in the

Great North-West. There is no doubt they will prove admirable settlers. Crime and drunkenness are absolutely unknown among them, and in future generations the admixture of Slav and Anglo-Saxon blood may be expected to be productive of the happiest results.

In Southern Russia the cultivation of tea is being begun on a fairly large scale. Four hundred Chinese families were imported last year, and they have already settled down as comfortably as if they had been born there. The tea-plantations are on the coast, between Batoum and Tiflis. I hear that soon the tea-harvest will begin, and there seems to be every prospect of its being a good one.

Colonel Hector Macdonald is not the only one of the clan who has recently distinguished himself in the Dark Continent, for Lieut.-Colonel J. R. L. Macdonald, of the Royal Engineers, was present at the Inverness-shire Association's Annual Dinner at the Holborn Restaurant the other day. In responding for the Army and Navy, he gave some interesting reminiscences of his expedition in Uganda, pointing out the unique difficulties of campaigning in that far-off country. Supposing, he said, fighting was going on in the extreme North of Scotland, and that all reinforcements had to be sent from London, that there was a single line of rails about as far as Rugby, and that beyond there were no roads except ordinary cart-tracks across fields, and no bridges at all, and that between Carlisle and Inverness no supplies were procurable, they would get an idea what campaigning in Uganda was like. The British force of hastily trained men had to fight against highly disciplined troops, and traders, civil officials, and even missionaries, rallied round the flag. Two other Inverness men were with him, Mr. Grant (a civilian), who has been decorated by the Queen, and Dr. Macpherson, who, perhaps, carried off the palm for individual gallantry. All showed by their conduct that the British spirit had not deteriorated. Both the Macdonalds were educated in Aberdeen—Hector at the barracks, as a private in the Gordons, and the Uganda man at the Grammar School. By the way, I ought to have

noticed last week that the sword presented to the Omdurman Macdonald by the Highland Societies in London was made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company.

This fine specimen of Irish oak carving comes from Kilkenny, which is so dear to the heart of the antiquary and archæologist. The panel probably formed part of an altar-piece, and is 250 years old. It represents the baptism of Christ by St. John the Baptist, and is an interesting example of Irish art of the sixteenth century. It is 18 in. high by 14½ in.

Mr. James Brown, of Selkirk, who has been a contributor to *Blackwood* and other magazines, over the signature "J. B. Selkirk," for many years, is somehow one of the least generally known among the large company of Scottish minor bards. As far back as 1862, Mr. Brown issued his "Bible Truths and Shaksperian Parallels," through Longmans, and the work has since passed through several editions; his "Poems" appeared seven years later; "Ethics and Æsthetics of Modern Poetry" was published in 1878; and "Yarrow, and Other Poems" in 1883. It is somewhat astonishing that the muse of "J. B. Selkirk" is entirely unrepresented either in the volumes "The Poets and Poetry of Scotland" or "Recent and Living Scottish Poets." Mr. Brown's work, at the same time, is not without appreciation, and a testimonial, in recognition of his services to Border literature, is being promoted by his friends.

Mr. James Milne, whose Life of Sir George Grey will be issued this week by Chatto and Windus, under the title "The Romance of a Pro-Consul," is a North-Country Scot who has been on the staff of the *Daily Chronicle* for several years. Mr. Milne is a hard worker, and puts conscience into everything he does. He was on terms of intimate friendship with Sir George from the time when the veteran returned to England in 1894, when Mr. Milne interviewed him. Mr. Milne has written a capital short history of "The Gordon Highlanders."



A MATABELE BEAUTY READING "THE SKETCH."  
Photo by H. J. Rea, Bulawayo.

in May 1886. This particular assumption was of striking merit. Miss Eastlake has dropped out of the London stage world for some years, her last appearance having been, I fancy, in 1891, at an Olympic matinée, when she produced the late Mr. J. Wilton Jones's "A Yorkshire Lass."



THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST CARVED IN OAK AT KILKENNY.

Photo by W. Usher-Clarke, Teddington.

The sale of Miss Eastlake's pictures, furniture, and so on, should recall to the mind of a rather forgetful public an actress who for years was Mr. Wilson Barrett's leading lady—a position filled latterly with such distinguished success and charm by Miss Maud Jeffries. Beginning in Criterion comedy under the guidance of Mr. Charles Wyndham, Miss Eastlake played many onerous rôles in Shakspeare, melodrama, and spectacular pieces with Mr. Barrett, and I am inclined to think that her very best performance was that of Helle in Mr. Grundy's "Clito," produced at the Princess's Theatre



Last week I noticed the wedding of Commander E. F. A. Gaunt, of the Royal Navy, the Commissioner of Wei-Hai-Wei and Administrator of Liu-kung-tau, and Miss Louise Geraldine Martyn, the daughter of

graceful letter of acknowledgment from Lieut.-Colonel Finn, tendering the warmest thanks of the 21st, and saying that the address is to be hung in the Reading-Room of the Regimental Institute, and that it will always remain one of the most highly prized of the Lancers' souvenirs of the Soudan campaign.



Photo by Miss Alice Hughes.



Photo by Searle Brothers.

MISS MARTYN, WHO WENT OUT TO WEI-HAI-WEI TO MARRY COMMANDER GAUNT.

Mr. John Gregory Martyn, of Creegan's Castle, County Clare, which took place at Hong-Kong the other day. This week I am able to give a picture of the happy pair.

The cruiser *Scylla* is due to return to England from the Mediterranean, where she has been serving under the command of Captain Percy Scott, and has earned the reputation of being the smartest ship on the station at all drills; in fact, "cock of the walk." Will she steam into Plymouth Sound, after the good old fashion, with a figure of a cock at her bows, to inform all and sundry that she is no ordinary ship? When the *Scylla* left England, in 1896, the crew were not very enthusiastic about Captain Scott, who kept them hard at work, with the intention of smartening them up; and he has succeeded so well (as a large number of trophies testify) that even the laziest man is proud to have served under him. In shooting with heavy guns, the *Scylla* not merely did well, but she has made a new record. She was steaming at a speed of twelve knots, and at a distance of sixteen hundred yards from the target, when carrying out her recent prize-firing, under the usual Admiralty regulations, yet the gunners managed to score no less than eighty per cent. of hits, which is a higher score than has been hitherto made by any British ship. Captain Scott and all the officers of the ship are naturally proud of this achievement, and of the good position which the ship won in the night-signalling competition. The *Scylla* will go to Chatham to pay off, and provision has been made in the Navy Estimates for her to be refitted at once for a further term of service. May she live up to the reputation for smartness which she is now bringing home from the Mediterranean!

One of the most distinguished doctors of the Navy has just gone on the retired list owing to the operation of the age clause, which states that a naval medical officer is unfit for further active service after he reaches the age of sixty years. Of course, the authorities are bound to obey this regulation, so Sir Henry Norbury has gone on the retired list; but, and this is the point of the official joke, he will continue to hold the position of Director-General of the Medical Department of the Navy. His predecessor, Sir James Dick, continued to hold this position for seven years after he was ruled by the regulations to be past the age when he could render efficient service to the country, and Sir Henry Norbury may, therefore, continue at the head of the Medical Department of the Navy for six or seven years longer. He is a thoroughly good officer, and has seen a good deal of war-service during his thirty-nine years' connection with the Navy. His most noteworthy work was during the Kaffir and Zulu Wars, when he was marked out as a man with a future. When he returned home he wrote a book, "The Naval Brigade in South Africa." Cynics will possibly say that this was a foolish action for an officer desirous of winning renown, but in those days every soldier and sailor did not write up his experiences.

How Tommy Atkins and Jack Tar love one another! It was not always so, for in the old days Tommy looked upon Jack, and the "Jollies" in particular, as objects of pity; and the feeling of Jack for Tommy came very near contempt. But this is all altered now, and a new and more healthy spirit of comradeship has arisen. Thus, when the 21st Lancers were marching from Cairo to Omdurman, the regiment was encamped for a month at Suez, where the cruiser *Scout* was lying, and there were frequent exchanges of courtesy between the Lancers and the ship's company. On the return of the *Scout* to England, every officer and man subscribed to a fund for presenting an illuminated address to the 21st, congratulating the Lancers on their exploits at Omdurman, and, on the *Scout* being paid off, the address was left in the hands of Lieutenant F. Sanders, R.N.R., who sent it out with the latest draft of Lancers for Cairo. Lieutenant Sanders has just received a

A correspondent reminds me that there are older veterans in our Army than General Melvill, whose portrait I gave last week. General Sir Arthur Cottor, R.E., K.C.S.I., who attained his ninety-sixth year last week, is the "Grand Old Man" of the British Army. Born in May 1803, he joined the Madras Army at the age of seventeen, and seventy-five years ago (in 1824-6), or thirty years before the Crimean War, served under Sir Archibald Campbell throughout the Burmese War, being at the capture of Rangoon, fighting in the jungle and reconnoitring in gunboats near Kemundine, in the attack on the stockades and Pagoda of Syriam, the capture of Mergui and Tavoy, the attack on the stockade of Kokein, siege and capture of Donabew, capture of Prome, capture of Melloon, and the fight at Paghammew which terminated the war. Sir Arthur received his knighthood for services which are not generally associated with military men, for it was the reward for his activity in developing the cotton-growing capabilities of India. Thirty-two years ago he was promoted Lieut.-General, and nine years later became a General, retiring from the Army in 1877, fifty-seven years after he obtained his second-lieutenancy. Strange to say, he was not a robust man in his younger days, and attributes his good health now to being a total abstainer and non-smoker.

The motor-car is making some progress in Scotland. There is a regular service of such cars between Haymarket and Newington, Edinburgh, and they compete favourably in point of speed with the tramway-cars. Other towns have tried them experimentally.

This swan, who built her nest upon a mill-pool at Crowton (Northwich), Cheshire, was wiser than the man who built his house on the sand. Hitherto she has invariably reared her young near the margin of the pool. But last year a fox committed numerous depredations in the neighbourhood, and it is believed that the bird, in order to guard against the attacks of her enemy, has adopted the plan of building her nest well in the pool itself. The nest, in which there are some six or seven eggs on which the swan is still sitting, is, as can be seen, wonderfully fashioned of reeds, &c. Reeds and grasses abound on the pool, and for an enormous space the bird has bitten down to the water's edge in order to furnish material for a comfortable home. A few days ago, the bird found that the water had commenced to rise, and there was quite a scene of wild



A SWAN THAT BUILT HER NEST IN THE MIDDLE OF A POND TO ESCAPE FROM A CUNNING FOX.

commotion. With all speed she collected a further pile of reeds, and set to work until she had sufficiently raised the nest as to be well above the surface. Mrs. Swan sat perfectly still while the photograph was being taken, but the male bird was on sentry duty, and proved as sharp as a watch-dog.



From a chance acquaintance, a travelling companion whose conversation beguiled a weary train-journey quite recently, I heard an amusing story. My informant was living at a small town in Australia some years ago, at the time when Lord Carrington, who was accompanied by his wife, made a tour through the country. The day before his lordship's arrival, the Mayor called upon my acquaintance, and, in course of conversation, remarked, "How many guns go to a Royal Salute?" "Twenty-one, I believe," was the reply; "but what is the use of knowing—there are no guns in the town?" "Perhaps you are right," said the Mayor; "but I am going to give the Governor a salute in spite of that, and it will be a Royal one." On the following day, all the light and leading of the town assembled at the railway station to greet the arrival of the train. As it approached the platform there was a loud explosion, immediately followed by twenty others. The train came to a standstill amid a scene of tremendous excitement. Most of the people of the town were frightened, but the visitors were still more alarmed. They had only one solution: they thought Fenians had been at work, and Lady Carrington received a severe shock. The Mayor was calm. He explained that he had wished to give his distinguished visitors an appropriate greeting, and, as there were no guns in the town,



had ordered the station-master to place twenty-one fog-signals at short intervals along the line just beyond the platform.

The suggestion that ladies shall be called upon to subscribe to the funds of Hunts whose meets they honour with their presence has been made before, but in a tentative whisper, as becometh heresies or spicy gossip. Hitherto no Hunt Committee has had the moral courage to set tradition at naught and ask ladies to pay; but it seems as though this innovation might be a thing of the near future, and, as I venture to think, with good reason. In the days of long ago, a field of a hundred and fifty riders might include two, or perhaps three, habits. A friend of mine who hunts regularly in Northamptonshire counted the ladies at a big meet the other day, and they numbered one-third of the whole field.

Seven Hunts out of ten in England find it hard to make ends meet nowadays (the Committee of the Meynell paid a bill of £964 for fox-stolen poultry during their last financial year), and the tentative whisper aforesaid grows so loud now in some quarters that it is impossible to ignore it. I know ladies who subscribe unasked. It would spare Hunt authorities a task from which they shrink as ungraceful were more of the hunting sisterhood to follow this literally "golden example."



MISS VIOLET DENE (LATE OF THE GAIETY THEATRE) AS SHE APPEARED UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. A. H. CHAMBERLYN AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE, NEW YORK.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BYRON, NEW YORK.



## THE CHAMPION LADY GOLFER IS ONLY SEVENTEEN YEARS OLD.

Sweet Seventeen holds the Ladies' Golf Championship, for Miss Mary Elizabeth Linzee Hezlet, who won the coveted distinction in the Open Tournament played on the County Down Golf Club links at Newcastle, celebrated her seventeenth birthday only a few days before the great match. The Tournament of 1899 resolved itself practically into a competition between the best lady golfers of England and Ireland, for there were only four Scotch players, and Wales had but one representative. The English forces, however, were almost exactly double those of Ireland in point of number, and a victory for the Shamrock was scarcely anticipated. Miss Hezlet and Miss Magill, the winner and runner-up, are old rivals, and wonderfully close ones. Miss Magill was last year's Irish Lady Champion, defeating Miss Hezlet at Malone in the final by a single putt. Having defeated with complete ease Miss Bryan, of Minchinhampton, in the semi-final round, she was ahead of Miss Hezlet all the way out, and lost the match only by weakness in putting at the last stages of the game. She had defeated in the second round Miss E. M. Titterton, of Musselburgh; in the third Miss E. M. Wilson, of Belton Park; in the fourth Miss Chilton, of Moreton; and in the fifth Mrs. Lyndhurst-Towne, the Champion of 1898. Miss Hezlet had an even better record. Her greatest ordeal, on paper, was when she encountered in the first semi-final Miss Lottie Dod, of Moreton, Cheshire, who was regarded as a more than possible winner of the Championships. Miss Dod's reputation as one of the finest lawn-tennis players of the United Kingdom is so well known and richly deserved that it caused no surprise, though much admiration,

to find her taking first rank as a golfer. She never took up the game thoroughly till 1893, and her chief instructor has been her brother, Mr. Anthony Dod. She played a very fine game for the Championship at Great Yarmouth, and was one of the bronze medallists, but Miss Hezlet's magnificent all-round play was too much for her at Newcastle. At the end of the Tournament the scores stood thus—

Miss Hezlet .....46  
655355545555-74.

Miss Magill.....45  
665355446675-84.

Miss Hezlet's acquaintance with the game dates from her eleventh year, when she played on the famous links of the Royal Portrush Golf Club, of which she has since been a member. She is probably the youngest Champion in the history of golf, and her capture in two successive weeks of both the Irish and Open Championships is absolutely without precedent. Miss Hezlet never had any professional tuition, but, coming of a well-known golfing family, has acquired wonderful judgment within a remarkably short period; and, aided by strong physique, plays the game admirably at all its points. She holds the record for the Ladies' Course at Portrush, which she went round in 77; and has won added admiration in doing the men's course in 95. Mrs. Hezlet, her mother, has won the Magill Cup and lots of other prizes at Portrush, while Mr. Robert Knox Hezlet, her brother, has just captured the cup presented by the naval officers at Sheerness. She possesses a full, free, and true swing, drives a straight ball, and through the green is remarkably powerful. Miss Hezlet is wholly innocent of nerves.



MISS HEZLET, THE LADY GOLF-CHAMPION.  
*Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.*



MISS HEZLET PUTTING ON MATTERHORN GREEN IN THE FINAL WITH MISS MAGILL.  
*FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WELCH, BELFAST.*



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MISS TRELAWNEY AS ONE OF THE NUNS IN "L'AMOUR MOUILLE," AT THE LYRIC.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The latest scientific romance of Mr. Wells suffers from a complaint too common in his works—there is not enough of it. We want to have a good deal more told us. As in "The War of the Worlds," there are quite a number of matters that we would ask him to clear up. To kill the tranced hero on the threshold of his career is too cruel, even if he has won the victory for the People by his self-sacrifice. Why couldn't he fall in the water? Heroes ought to have more resisting power.

But, slight as it is, the story is enough to make us think. Unintentionally or not, it is a counterblast to the Utopian vision of "Looking Backward," and probably a good deal more likely to occur. The idea of a man in trance whose large property is accumulating at compound interest through centuries involves an almost unimaginable growth of wealth. The Sleeper, the unconscious owner of a world-wide Trust, is the logical result of that process by which big business is crushing out small traders. And it is singular that Mr. Wells's forecast is almost exactly that of Renan. "We shall have evil days to go through," says the French philosopher. "Moral standards are certainly being lowered; self-sacrifice is almost at vanishing point; we can forecast the day when everything will be syndicated, and organised selfishness will replace love and devotion. Our age has created more and more perfect tools, without seeing that to work these tools properly requires some measure of morality, conscience, unselfishness." And Renan prophesies that Army and Church will alike be discredited—the only two stable institutions of France.

This prophecy we see accomplished in our days; and the vision of the future world, in Renan's mind, is only elaborated by Mr. Wells. Everything organised under monopolies; war and religion practically extinct; wonderful mechanical improvements, machinery well-nigh human, and men little more than machines—a ruling class of the rich, and a mass of labour serfs, subdued by competition and hunger. It is an unlovely vision; but who shall say it is impossible, or even improbable? In fact, it is, in essentials, but the logical development of the tendencies of our own days.

Is it indeed towards a rule of boards and syndicates and monopolies that our civilisation is tending? It looks like it. A corporation is eternally vital; its wealth, which is its force, is beyond the reach of local revolt. A trading company conquered India simply because it had money and could not be murdered. But that company passed into oblivion at the simple fiat of the nation to which its directors belonged. Let us suppose, though, that Africa or South America should be subdued and organised by an international syndicate of capitalists—who is to dispute their rule? What nation is to gather up their heritage? Why should not a China Company get possession of the moribund Empire, organise its docile millions into irresistible armies, and check foreign aggression by the infallible weapon of gold? Railway companies, mining companies, traffic syndicates, are now the means of conquest; war is becoming obsolete, and perhaps the very habit of it will be lost in time. We have witnessed in the past year half-a-dozen conflicts of interest any one of which once would have meant years of war. Now, the expense is so vast and the result so uncertain that the boldest hesitate.

So we may come to the Wells world yet. Mechanical improvements, scientific discovery, proceed apace. In fact, in some ways we are ahead of the novelist's forecast. His aëropiles and aëroplanes are driven by engines that take fire when upset; ours may yet be worked by liquid air. In two hundred years we shall have got beyond some of his imagined discoveries, if the past be any augury of the future. There is no cessation of our progress in science, and each new elevation won is a point from which opens a vista of bewildering possibilities. Each new truth is fruitful of fresh discoveries; each new-found law links together isolated facts into a chain of power.

And with all this, we are no better than our fathers, if no worse. Less brutal, but less simple and true; with longer life, but less vigour of manhood. Are we to be trusted with these new tools? Are we fit to use them for the good of all? And if not, what can come but the reign of selfish monopoly, the uneasy domination of the brute many by the moneyed few? And there comes the self-assertion of force when the rulers grow soft by idleness. Or perhaps that other hideous vision of Mr. Wells is true, and mankind divides into two races, the upper aristocracy and the underground workers, and the workers eat the aristocrats.

Our novelists are either optimistic or pessimistic in their forecasts of the future. Earth is to be a dream world of justice and beauty and comfort, or a crowded cockpit of competition. Is it too venturesome to predict that neither of these visions is to be trusted? May not the society of two centuries on be much like our own, but for the conveniences and habits due to scientific and mechanical discovery? Human nature changes but slowly; on the edge of our manufacturing districts you find villages with hardly a house later than the seventeenth century. The railway passes between the old timbered houses with their climbing roses, and men and women move about in the same way as their grandfathers and grandmothers, thinking the same thoughts, living the same lives. Our environment will have changed mightily in two centuries. Shall we change much? I doubt it.

MARMITON.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

"Richard Holt Hutton of the *Spectator*: A Monograph" (Oliver and Boyd) is an amiable but not very valuable book. It will be remembered that Mr. Hutton earnestly deprecated any memorial of himself. In obedience to his wishes, his own journal, the *Spectator*, contained nothing but a few lines recording his death. There is no reason, however, why a thoughtful and discriminating study of his thought and work should not be prepared. It would also be quite fair to use the biographical materials that had found their way into print before Mr. Hutton died. In this way a book worth reading and keeping might have been written. The author of this memorial means well, and does not say much that is amiss, but he has not gone through the necessary labour for a worthy monograph. In order to understand Mr. Hutton, one must read through the volumes of the *Spectator* conducted by him. This is no light task, but it is abundantly rewarding. It is in this way, and in this way only, that one understands the evolution of the great journalist's thought on life, on literature, and on religion. The writer of this monograph has selected the various essays published after Mr. Hutton's death, and has made a fair selection of salient points, but I find no traces of independent and thorough research. Much has been missed that would have been very useful. It must also be said that the style of the booklet is, on the whole, thin and poor.

"The Romance of Elisavet," by Mrs. W. M. Ramsay (Hodder and Stoughton), is a singularly vivacious, engaging, and even brilliant narrative. Mrs. Ramsay is the wife of Professor W. M. Ramsay, of Aberdeen University, the great archaeologist of his day. She has accompanied her husband on some of his most adventurous journeys in the East. That she has been a fit companion, her book on "Everyday Life in Turkey" has already testified. "The Romance of Elisavet" shows that she has the equipment of a novelist. It is not loaded at any point with lore; there is no attempt to be instructive or to inculcate views; and yet I have got from it a better and more vivid idea of the Greeks, the Armenians, the Turks, their way of living and loving and hating and fighting, their attitude towards the English, than from any other volume I have read. Mrs. Ramsay's story is in itself most thrilling, and carries you on with eager interest to the last. She gives us characters, and not types: one or two bold and skilful touches, and a living book is before you. The heroine is not an attractive girl, though Mrs. Ramsay relents a little towards the close. I feel, however, that to dedicate the book "To all true lovers" is hardly right if Elisavet is one of the company. But Panayotti, the hero, is a lovable, brave creature. The Armenian merchant who meets his death among the brigands is admirably sketched, and the leader of the brigands, too, lives before us in his ferocity and unscrupulousness. Best of all is the way in which we are made to understand the atmosphere that surrounds all these characters, the atmosphere in which they live and sin, an atmosphere so hard to realise in this country. The book is quite the most entertaining which has appeared this spring, and ought to have a great success.

Miss Beatrice Harraden seems to me to be in a different and a much higher level of effort and attainment since she wrote "The Fowler" (Blackwood). Doubtless she will be judged by a harder standard, and praise may not be so unanimous round her new book as it was round "Ships that Pass in the Night." She has attempted too difficult a theme to make a complete success, but the attempt is exceedingly interesting. It amounts to showing the struggle between the two great forces of our time, and the happy issue. One of these forces is represented by a healthy, eager, energetic young woman, to whom life is full of delightful possibilities and actual happiness. The image of the other is a worn-out man, to whom life is hollow and ugly and vain. He makes a desperate effort to conquer her will, to wither her enthusiasms, to persuade her that human nature is a poor, tawdry thing. The two forces make a long fight, but the victory at last is with the young hopes, the fearless belief, the conviction that the world is mainly good, and enthusiasm is worth while. Miss Harraden has not succeeded in making us believe that this particular worn-out sneerer would have had any influence at all over her fresh and vigorous heroine. But the tale is true, all the same, and is being acted dramatically every day. The minor portions and characters are excellent. More than that, they are amusing, kindly, and delightful. The counting of "The King's Arms" and "The Punch Bowl" is one of the best things in recent fiction; and Nurse Isabel, the delightful worldling, will have as many lovers as the book has readers.

In his new story, "The Black Douglas" (Unwin), Mr. Crockett has thrown realism to the winds. Not in any of his former romances has he done this so completely. His stories, however adventurous or melodramatic, have stuck fast always to some hard facts, and have treated human nature of past epochs very much as if it belonged to the end of the nineteenth century, and had been under daily observation. "The Black Douglas" is romance pure and simple, romance of an old-fashioned, highly coloured kind, that defies naturalism and cold probabilities, and therefore escapes a great many blunders. If you let Mr. Crockett have his will with your fancy, if you let him convince you that a lady who played a very low-down mean trick on her lover was yet the incarnation of all loveliness and fascination, and even virtue, and worthy of every sacrifice, then the story will be a genuine pleasure. There is vigour in it; there is incident piled on incident; and towards its unbridled, irresponsible romance it must be a relief to many to turn from the perusal of volume after volume of tales of mean streets.

O. O.





MISS IRENE VANBRUGH AS SOPHY FULLGARNEY IN "THE GAY LORD QUEX,"

AT THE GLOBE THEATRE.

*Sophy (pictured here by Lallie Garet-Charles) is shown in the gown in which she sets off for Fauncey Court, at Richmond, where she plays the spy on Quex.*

## THOMAS BEWICK AND THE DEVIL.

BY MASON JACKSON.

In the first chapter of "Jane Eyre," the heroine, as a child, is delighted with the pictures in Bewick's "History of British Birds"; but she is, at the same time, described as being frightened at some of the vignettes where the devil is introduced. Thomas Bewick has been charged with

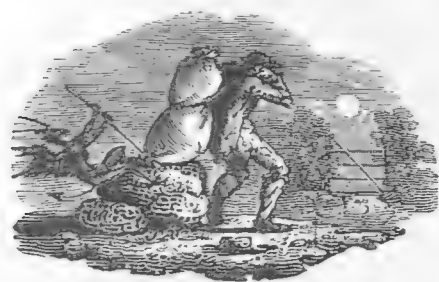


From Bewick's "Land Birds."

being too fond of introducing the devil and the gallows into his vignettes, for the purpose of frightening the wicked; but he was too shrewd a student of human nature to think for a moment that his sketches would frighten anybody who was old enough to be wicked. They might perhaps frighten children, if any were so thoughtful as to look at them seriously. But few

children would take up Bewick and ponder over him with the sentimental interest of Charlotte Brontë's little "Jane Eyre." In these "whimsies" (as Bewick called his tail-pieces), where the devil is represented, there is so much of the caricature element, or pictorial joke, that they can hardly be taken as embodying a serious idea. The Evil One is drawn as he was conceived by the popular imagination—horns, tail, and hoofs all complete, according to monkish superstition. The belief in ghosts and "bogles" was very common among the peasantry in Bewick's time; but he tells us in his memoir that he was taught by his father to scout the idle tales that were current about such things, and he has ridiculed the fears of the superstitious in the vignette of a traveller at night frightened at the twisted roots and branches of trees, which are made to appear like horned devils grinning out of a hedge. We may therefore conclude that Bewick made use of the devil in his vignettes more in jest than earnest.

"Jane Eyre" cared little for the letterpress in Bewick, but she was greatly attracted by the vignette engravings—"Each picture told a story, mysterious often to my undeveloped understanding and imperfect feelings, yet ever profoundly interesting." As she turned over the pages, she formed ideas of her own—"shadowy, like all the half-comprehended notions that float dim through children's brains." She was impressed by the rock standing up alone in a sea of billow and spray, by the broken boat stranded on a desolate coast, by the cold and ghastly moon glancing through bars of cloud at a wreck just sinking; but she was frightened at "the black horned thing seated aloof on a rock surveying a distant crowd surrounding a gallows." This is a little vignette in the



THIS VIGNETTE WAS AN OBJECT OF TERROR TO "JANE EYRE."  
From Bewick's "Land Birds."

close examination of it we find that the fiend is smoking a pipe, which would, in the eyes of an adult reader, remove it from the region of terrorism; but this, naturally, escaped the notice of "Jane Eyre." She lingered over the solitary churchyard, seen under the rising moon, and she fancied the ships becalmed on a torpid sea to be marine phantoms. Then she comes upon another of Bewick's devils: "The fiend pinning down the thief's pack behind him, I passed over quickly; it was an object of terror." This, no doubt, would come upon "Jane Eyre" with something of a shock after she had been wandering in her own dreamland.

A remarkable feature of Bewick's vignettes is the frequent indication of localities in the artist's native district of Tyneside. An example of this kind occurs in one of the tail-pieces to "Æsop's Fables," where the devil forms the most prominent object in the drawing. If this had come under the notice of "Jane Eyre," it would certainly have frightened her more than the "black horned thing" she speaks of. The devil is seen swinging on a gallows awaiting the arrival of the doomed criminal, who is approaching with a crowd in the distance. The usual place of execution



From "Æsop's Fables," by Bewick.

at Newcastle was the Town Moor, and the locality is indicated by the spire of St. Nicholas Church and the top of the Castle, which appear in the background.

It is likely enough that Bewick in some of his vignettes intended to convey a moral, which is, perhaps, barely hinted at; as in the sketch where the devil and a man behind him are riding at full speed along a road, which the direction-post says is "Wrong." But here the supernatural element is overpowered by a sense of the ludicrous, and the man holding on by the horse's tail and the fiend gripping him by the neck are much more likely to excite mirth than terror.

There is a tail-piece in the "Land Birds" in which his Satanic Majesty is seen driving a man in a cart under a gallows, where the noose is all ready to suspend the unhappy criminal. It is not apparent in this vignette why the Evil One has brought the man to the gallows; but one of Bewick's commentators has stated, I think on the authority of Bewick himself, that it was intended as the sequel to another tail-piece, where the same horse and cart are represented, with the horse running away, while four frightened boys are holding on to the cart, and a fifth has fallen out. In the background is a public-house, and a man is seen running after the cart. The explanation is that the man, having gone into the public-house to drink, has left his horse and cart untended save by the five little boys, whose noise and gambols have frightened the horse and caused it to run away.

As the background to these two vignettes is the same, that circumstance lends probability to the statement that there is a connection between them, and that Bewick's intention was to show that the devil had brought the carter to the gallows as a just punishment for his carelessness. If this be so, it is curious that Bewick did not keep the two vignettes nearer to each other. In the 1821 edition of the "Land Birds" there are a score of pages between them, and the punishment is made to precede the offence. In the last edition published (the Memorial edition) they are brought nearer together, and the punishment follows the offence.

In a little tail-piece to one of the Fables a man's shadow is made to assume the shape of the devil. Perhaps Bewick intended this to show that the devil was an unsubstantial shadow, the creature of man's imagination; or it may mean that the devil follows a man's footsteps like his shadow, and is ever on the watch for a false step. Whatever the correct interpretation of these sketches may be, it is evident that Bewick thought the devil was a useful instrument when he wanted "to point a moral or adorn a tale."



From "Æsop's Fables," by Bewick.

them very much with descriptions of the punishment that awaited the wicked. Bewick very much disliked cant or hypocrisy, and, after listening for some time to a blasphemous recital of the horrors of the infernal regions and the doings of the enemy of mankind, he got behind the preacher, and, pulling him by the sleeve, addressed him when he turned round with great solemnity: "Now, then, thou seems to know a great deal about the devil, and has been frightening us a long while about him; can thou tell me whether he wears his own hair or a wig?"

## THE UNKNOWN WIND.

"There is a wind that has no name."—GAELIC SAYING.

When the day darkens,  
When dusk grows light,  
When the dew is falling,  
When Silence dreams . . .

I hear a wind  
Calling, calling  
By day and by night.

What is the wind  
That I hear calling  
By day and by night,  
The crying of wind  
When the day darkens,  
When dusk grows light,  
When the dew is falling? FIONA MACLEOD.





MISS ADELAIDE BURTON.

*She is a contralto of one-and-twenty, who has been trained by Mr. Henry Blower during the past three years. Messrs. Lafayette have taken this portrait.*

## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## JAPAN, VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE.\*

Several hundred Japanese baby-heads—the present writer has not had the energy to count them all—look out at us from a page-illustration in Mrs. Hugh Fraser's work. It is rather overwhelmingly human. One feels that, when the picture is studied, one really ought to possess a working knowledge of Japanese infancy. Here is the Japanese infant in every mood: genial and grave, airy, and, it would seem, introspective—an optimist and a sour philosopher. In point of fact, the manifestation is too much for us. We turn from it in despair, as one might turn on a summer night from counting the stars, convinced that not thus lies the ideal way of realising the immensity of the universe. We turn from it, but the vast conglomeration of baby-faces pursues the tantalised imagination. It is a Midsummer Night's Dream of babies. They reel and glow before the inner vision; now they sing together in an illimitable nursery; as fancy fares farther, they bob playfully through the sunny waves of a whole sea of the Island-Empire; then the very ether is starred with little baby-faces. Anon—but enough. The picture conduces to the extreme of tedium or the extreme of mild madness. As a handy guide to the knowledge of the Japanese infant, it leaves much to be desired.

As with the baby-faces, so, in a sense, with the book. It is a conglomeration of interesting themes and glimpses. Many are trivial, many are illuminating; but, trivial or otherwise, a certain naturalness and delicacy breathe in all. In the very trifles there is *naïveté*, just as there is in some of the smallest of the baby-faces; but so many signs and tokens of *naïveté* and nature are so much alike that the reader's brain seems at last rather piquantly overloaded. Oh, for fewer baby-heads and fewer "letters from home to home" (for the book is a collection of these), we may well say at last in amused helplessness. Japanese goddesses and Japanese dolls, Japanese beauty-sights and Japanese servants, Japanese art-touches and Japanese fashions—they and many more are reviewed. Mrs. Fraser wrote many letters before the days of her deeper insight into Japan, but in the fulness of time she came to understand Japanese humanity. The pity is that she desires the reader to learn in the same slow way as herself. For our absolute comfort, the volumes would necessitate a leisurely three years' reading—and what would Mudie's say to that?

Yes, clever note-books, and the pleasant letters of three eventful years (1889, &c.), have apparently been forwarded in parcels to the printer, and from him and the binder and illustrator two almost dainty, if ponderous, volumes are the result. A few Rembrandts are more appealing than, say, a few hundred galleries of faithful photographs of Dutch childhood. A few pictures of Millet tell us more than would myriad jumble-drawings of the trees, the flowers, the children, and the old people of peasant France. Similarly, much less of the non-essential and something more of the representative Japan were the better way for Mrs. Fraser. Here certainly the parts are greater than the whole. Hence, however, is it an engaging book for many evenings of random readings. One may begin almost anywhere.

Thus, we naturally associate Sir Edwin Arnold with Japan, and herein in the first volume is set down the story of his first visit, less than a decade ago. We hear of him—nay, we see him—on his voyage from America, studying Japanese in a quiet corner, or at

intervals walking up and down his favourite part of that fateful vessel with a small baby on one arm—an act of kindness to its mother, who otherwise had no opportunity of rest. Typical this of how the poetical and practical adjoin in the record. We see an old grandmother going naked (through the hot weather and the simplicity of her heart) in the house where her grandson is a servant—whither the Jap servant goeth, go also his ancestors and his descendants. From this piquant domesticity we may turn to the story of the Princess Splendour, a type of the enchanted beings of Island-Empire lore. A tiny moon-child so like a firefly, the old woodman picked her off a bamboo branch in the moonlight, and brought her home to his wife. For twenty years she grew ever lovelier, "till all the brown cottage shone with her beauty at night and basked in it by day." The Emperor loved her most of all; but, though she loved him,

she could not marry him, because all her life was but to be the twenty years now nearly done. At last came the day when she had to go, travelling home upon a moon-beam, crying silver tears every stage of the long way, till Mother Moon folded her at last to her warm white heart. "And all her tears took wings, and go flying about the woods on warm nights, looking for the Emperor still, though he died an old, old man hundreds of years ago."

A wealth of such touches gives an aerial and other-world charm to the work, a subtle atmosphere to the mixed muster of mundane things more or less illustrative of Japanese actualities. They set us in tune for the yet more picturesque reaches, and under the spell of these, and the appreciations of art, the divinations of character, we almost forget the baby-stages, the casual domesticities, and are fully prepared for the real gleams of that insight which goes near to the heart of the things that matter. We see the Japanese woman at her best—in her happy girlhood, her subsequent circumscribed life, her devotion, her dreams—and her best is admirable. Even the Geisha glows in a new guise. The Japanese woman is shown also at her worst—in her dominance as mother-in-law. It is a poignant matter, though stock sallies of somewhat sorrowful humorists may have spoiled the Western world for the realisation of its gravity. The mother-in-law in Japan is apt to be exigent in the extreme. "By the time she has reached that dignity, a woman's duties are considered over; the young people must provide for her comfort and

amusement." Yet there is one hopeful stage for the little daughter-in-law. When she herself becomes a mother, especially if her child is a boy, she is regarded as an individual of some consequence. Mrs. Fraser would fain see the Japanese girl a little more assertive when the mother-in-law is inclined to be tyrannical. But the Japanese are philosophers. They take even catastrophes calmly—that is to say, excepting earthquakes. An earthquake spells panic. So the timid rich steal out of their beautiful stone houses after dark "to sleep in some old pavilion nearer to the kindly ground."

There are writers of world-wide fame who, with great capacities, were yet not gifted with an artistic sense. With much good work of the second or third order, the reader often feels that, in a measure, he has to recast it for himself. He has, so to say, to close his mind to the trivial and immaterial, and mentally to re-set many of the salient things in a way undreamt of by the author. Mrs. Hugh Fraser's two volumes he must pass through some such selective ordeal. When it is done, there will be much which he must set himself to forget; but among the remainder will be points and phases that are of the very essence of the real Japan.



SOME JAPANESE BABIES.

From "A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan."

\* "A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan." By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. 2 Vols. London: Hutchinson and Co.





*"Love me, honey, love me true; love me jess as I love you?" And she answered, "'Cose I do!"*



*"D'ye know me?—g'arn; you will very soon! I'm John James Brown, the Dandy Coloured Coon!"*



*"Away down upon the Swanee River!"*



# HOW I HUNTED A SCOTTISH LION.

*A veracious Narrative  
of thrilling Adventure.*

Written and Illustrated by  
*Barrington Macgregor*

“THE slothful man saith, *There is a lion in the path*,” says Solomon: only it was not the slothful man who said it this time, but the brisk, bustling, good wife of a labouring man who lives near me. She was standing outside her house in a mixed condition of panic and excitement, so I asked what was the matter. Her reply came startlingly; “I was gangin’ down to the village to get a puckle ‘taties to his dinner” (in these parts the man of the house is “he”, par excellence), “but I saw an awfu’ lion leein’ by the road, so I juist fled hame agen.”

This, in broad daylight, promised to be interesting, and worth looking into, as lions, “leein” round loose, are not plentiful in our latitude, and the good woman stood firm by her tale. It did not take me long to run back to the house and arm myself with my trusty breech-loader: then, whistling up “Possum”, the inseparable companion of my adventures, I set out in pursuit of the game.

“Possum” was – but the picture will give you a much better idea of her than words can. She was “rising nine,” but still as playful as a kitten, and keen after all kinds of sport. Cruel, perhaps you may think, to take her on such a quest: but she, too, had seen the terrifying animal, and was not one whit afraid of it.

Following the direction indicated by the intelligent native, we proceeded towards



The brisk, bustling, good wife of a labouring man.

the village. On its nearest side was a piece of open ground, separated from it by a steep, broom-grown brae, and bounded by a noisy little burn, that fussed away into a distillery hard by, and so on to the North Sea. Between us and this common was a small wood, and we turned off the road to beat this first, with the sole result (beyond causing a bunny-



scuttle) of putting up a wee Gipsy lassie, who fled away like a bunny herself, but not before I had obtained a shot at her. Then we pushed on across the wood, and came to where we could look out over the little common, & trace the road right into Paldykirk: and there, on the far side of the burn, close to where it was swallowed by the distillery, we could distinguish a tawny animal, larger than the largest dog, couched on the ground, its head hidden by an immense mane of shaggy hair. Near it lay another monster, darker in colour and almost as hirsute, its head concealed by a boundary-stone so that I could not at once identify its species: but, as surely as the first beast was a lion, this was a bear.

Quickly thinking out a plan of attack, I called "Possum" to heel, and we left the cover of the wood. My object was to reach the burn unnoticed by the beasts, both of which were now asleep in the sunshine; and in this, thanks to the direction of the wind, and to "Possum's" excellent training, I succeeded. Cautiously we crept along in a crouching attitude, hidden by the water-worn bank, until we came within three or four yards of the game.

It was now somewhat difficult to restrain my companion's excitement, but on the whole she behaved admirably. I had no fear of the beasts' attacking her; but I was a little uneasy lest, by running out of cover prematurely, she might startle them, and so spoil my chance of a shot. This, however, did not happen: and now I stood still a moment to steady my nerves. That moment was an anxious one. Talk of "buck-fever"!—what can that be to the effect of finding oneself at close quarters to a pair of such ferocious brutes as these?

I believe now that, at the time, I was far more excited than "Possum" was.

Slowly, and with finger on the trigger, I raised my head, and peeped over the top of the bank, where a large stone gave me a convenient rest to "sight" from. Neither animal stirred: &

fierce as they might be, it seemed almost too unsportsmanlike to take them at such a disadvantage, but it had to be done. One sharp yelp from "Possum." The brown monster threw up its head with a jerk: the tawny one sprang to its feet, and stood for one instant with a fore-paw in the air; and that instant was sufficient for a shot that did effective business with both of them.

As I have said already, they were larger than the largest dog: but for Shetland



A wee Gipsy lassie.



The tawny one sprang to its feet.

ponies, small as they be, these were exceedingly small indeed. It turned out that the gang of Gipsies, to which the wee girlie I had shot in the wood belonged, had brought a drove of them to sell in the neighbourhood.

My "breach-loader", I hardly need say, was nothing more deadly than a camera.



**FINIS.**

## TOM HOOD WAS BORN A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

One hundred years have gone since Thomas Hood entered a world which, on the whole, was a little too much for him, despite his invincible humour. Indeed, posterity has come to think of Hood largely as a comedian. Thomas Hood (who was born on May 23, 1799) was a punster—the man in the street can tell you as much; Thomas Hood was also the singer of immortal verse, such as “The Song of the Shirt” and “The Bridge of Sighs” (of this, too, the man in the street is aware); but, what is more, he was a true poet, and this is a truth less obvious and less generally appreciated. At the present moment, just a century since Hood’s birth, his double title to fame may well be insisted upon when we are thinking of all that he left to elevate and amuse in prose and verse, and when we are recalling the almost tragic story of his brave struggle with difficulties and disease—with the grave always in the immediate foreground of all his plans for the future.

Hood’s literary work in verse is generally divided—and Canon Ainger, in the latest edition, maintains the division—into “serious” and “humorous”; this division has always seemed to me an arbitrary one, seeing that so much of the work, while written in deadly earnest—the “Ode to Rae Wilson, Esq.,” “Miss Kilmansegg,” &c.—is yet sparkling with wit, humour, and verbiage. The ideal edition should present the true poems, “Plea of the Midsummer Fairies,” “Hero and Leander,” songs, sonnets, &c., and then, with the satirical pieces as connecting links, on to those wonderful examples of punning which we have in “Faithless Sally Brown,” “Tim Turpin,” “A Waterloo Ballad,” and many more. There is wit—and occasionally something suspiciously like punning—in some of Hood’s most serious poetry; there is often a vein of serious thoughtfulness running through that which is generally classified as comic. Yet, when we come to consider Hood’s contribution to his country’s literature, it certainly seems most convenient to divide his genius up and treat of it in two broadly defined parts.

One of that brilliant band of authors—perhaps the youngest of them all—who made the *London Magazine* of the early ’twenties classic in periodical literature, Thomas Hood began, as youth generally does, by touching on the themes of love and death. At the age of two-and-twenty he was addressing Hope—

Alas! alas!  
How pleasures pass,  
And leave thee now no subject, save  
The peace and bliss beyond the grave.

Then came Love—

Farewell! I did not know thy worth;  
But thou art gone, and now ’tis prized:  
So angels walk’d unknown on earth,  
But when they flew were recognised!

The longer earlier pieces gave evidence of the worshipping admiration

which Hood had for the genius of Keats; but, though he soon made a style of himself, it was to win him little fame as a poet during his own generation, for his only volume of poetry—depending not at all upon verbal quips and cranks, and a real contribution to the poetic literature of the time—fell flat indeed, and had to be bought up by the author “to save it from the buttermilk.” The whirligig of time has justified the poet and reversed the decision of his contemporaries of 1827, who would have



THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

From the Bas-Relief on Hood’s Grave at Kensal Green.

nothing of a volume containing “The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies,” “Hero and Leander,” “Lycus the Centaur,” that lyrical gem “Fair Ines,” and other true riches. Unfortunately, as it happened, for

his poetic reputation, Hood had published in 1825 (along with John Hamilton Reynolds, his brother-in-law) the “Odes and Addresses to Great People,” and a year later had won a public of his own with the first series of “Whims and Oddities.” With these works a new note in humour was struck, one which during the rest of Hood’s life was kept

reverberating—being the only one which the public of the day would listen to from him. It is true that he essayed fiction—and enjoyed some success with a novel, “Tylney Hall”—and that he, more or less under sentence of death from the doctors, wrote his amusing series of familiar epistles known as “Up the Rhine”; but it was as the author of “Whims and Oddities,” of “Hood’s Own,” and of the series of “Comic Annuals,” that Hood was best liked. Often it is to be feared that the humorist felt the justice of his own lines in “Hero and Leander”—

Inward grief was writhing o’er its task,  
As heart-sick jesters weep behind the mask.

He kept bravely on, however, supplying the best that he could of that particular work which the public wanted; it was only in the last year or two of his life that he penned those undying pieces in which he simply stated social facts, but stated them with such genuine force, such undecorated simplicity, that they remain his best-known works; for it is curious that the posterity which looks upon Thomas Hood as a humorist with unparalleled power of similitudes in the sounds and sense of words, yet best knows his pieces in which humour is entirely subordinated to the righteous indignation of the man. “The Song of the Shirt” and “The Bridge of Sighs” awakened the national conscience as treatises on sweating and other city evils—be their reasoning never so cogent—could not have done. Then there are those less well-known pieces on other social themes, “The Lay of the Labourer,” “The Pauper’s Christmas,” and “The Lady’s Dream,” the last being especially remarkable for that “familiar quotation” towards its close—

And yet it never was in my soul  
To play so ill a part;  
But evil is wrought by want of Thought,  
As well as want of Heart.

Of Hood the punster it is necessary to say very little; this branch of his work is familiar to all, and, besides, the pun manifestations are mostly strung together in such an inevitable fashion that to take them from their context is to lessen their force. Many happy instances show how perfect was his command of the wit of words.

Thomas Hood has been dead for fifty-five years—he was within three weeks of completing his forty-fifth year at the time of his death—but he lives in the affection of his fellow-countrymen as the author of two or three wonderful poems, he is known to multitudes of readers

as the very first among poetical humorists, and he deserves to be remembered by “the remnant” that cherishes true poetry as the most potent voice between the age of Keats and that of Tennyson. As a man, too, it is pleasant to recall that he was loved by all who knew him—either in the familiar circle of the home or in the wider world. Laughter and wit, said Sydney Smith, were given “to enliven the days of man’s pilgrimage, and to charm his pained steps over the burning marl”; and, if that be so, deep is the debt which we owe to Thomas Hood, who left us books in which laughter-provoking wit irradiates every page.



“TAKE HER UP TENDERLY.”

From the Bas-Relief on Hood’s Grave at Kensal Green.

WALTER JERROLD.



## THE ART OF THE DAY.

This week I give some samples of American art exhibited at the National Academy of Design in New York. Aside from the display itself, unusual interest attached to the occasion because of the near approach to the demolition of the building so long the home of the organisation. Most persons who have visited America are doubtless familiar with the Venetian-like structure which for thirty years, at the junction of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, has been one of the

the letters of—his own name. Yes, let us call the quarrel over these decorations the English Dreyfus Case Reversed.

I say "reversed," because, as a matter of fact, whereas Dreyfus may be (in England, at all events) said to be "on the side of the angels," Sir William Richmond must be practically described as being only on the side of Mr. Stillman. That gay controversialist, who had till recently—I



EXPECTATION.—BY A. F. TAIT, N.A.

landmarks of New York. At the time of its erection the neighbourhood was altogether residential and free from the bustle which, owing to the prevalence of business, is now so apparent. Office-buildings and shops have supplanted many of the dwellings, the streets are thronged with hurrying people, and the cable-cars, the cabs, and the drays unite to distract the artistic mind. The atmosphere no longer conduces to art, and the Academy, therefore, must move away. About the old building cluster delightful memories; within it have most of America's noted artists learned the rudiments of their profession, and to the facilities it offered is due in a measure the development of art in the United States. The new edifice is to be erected on a site covering nearly an acre of ground on the Cathedral Boulevard, in the upper district of the city, and will cost, when completed, upwards of eight hundred thousand dollars. It will have galleries for permanent and current exhibitions, lecture-rooms, and studios, and educational departments in drawing, painting, sculpture, and engraving, on a plan based upon experience and results obtained from the curriculum adopted at our own Royal Academy School and at the École des Beaux-Arts, in Paris. The National Academy of Design dates back to 1825. It possesses some two hundred and fifty works of early native artists, as a nucleus for the establishment of a permanent free gallery. It has an Art Library of no mean pretensions, and its autograph-letters, manuscripts, etchings, engravings, and other material relating to the history of American artists, form a collection of exceeding interest.

The decoration of St. Paul's Cathedral bids fair to become as exciting and as interminable a matter as the Dreyfus Case. There are similar elements of controversy in it, similar chances of discussion, similar suspicions of guilt. Sir William Richmond, it is true, remains at large. He is confined to no Ile du Diable, though it would doubtless please Mr. D. S. MacColl and other doughty champions if he were. He is at large to write broad and untrammelled letters over the Dome, even



BACCHANALS.—BY WALTER SHIRLAW, N.A.

do not know if he yet has—not seen the famous mosaics and the even more famous stencilling and lettering of the Dome, continues to plead the cause of Sir William Richmond with unabated energy and fervour; and Mr. MacColl continues to hammer with all the thunders of Thor at Mr. Stillman, until the fun grows fast and furious, and we begin to forget that this controversy is anything but a mere matter of verbal contention, in which Mr. Stillman gets very much the worst of it.

But here a somewhat graver note needs to be struck. The controversy is, if you like, as interesting as an ancient fight in the Colosseum in which the lion gets by far the best of the luck; but it is not to be forgotten that St. Paul's is meanwhile—if one may continue the metaphor to the bitter end—awaiting an even more sordid fate than that of the dying gladiator. It is not pleasant to think of this magnificent building, this ancestral inheritance, being subjected to the wranglings of competent critics and of fallible decorators. *Exsoriare aliquis!* Alas! that is too frequent a cry. But let any man of intelligence think of the possibility of some authority suddenly and utterly sweeping away these rubbishing decorations, and just resting until the right man, the true and proper successor of Wren, arose—knowing the moment of that birth, also!—and think, then, of the present miserable squabble about a matter which should never have been in question, and only one verdict is possible. Meanwhile, I suppose, Mr. MacColl is cheerfully awaiting the arrival of the too-celebrated New Zealander who shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand upon a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.

"A Painter-Etcher" is the title of a portrait of Mr. C. W. Sherborn at work in his studio in Chelsea, taken from life by Mr. Arthur Ellis, and reproduced in photogravure by Messrs. Ellis and Elvey, who are issuing impressions of it.



ALL AMONG THE POPPIES.—BY HAMILTON HAMILTON, N.A.



A COMING BELLE.—BY FRANCIS C. JONES, N.A.

## WHERE SOME GREAT NOVELISTS LIE.

*Photographed by H. C. Shelley.*

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY (1811-1863) LIES IN KENSAL GREEN.



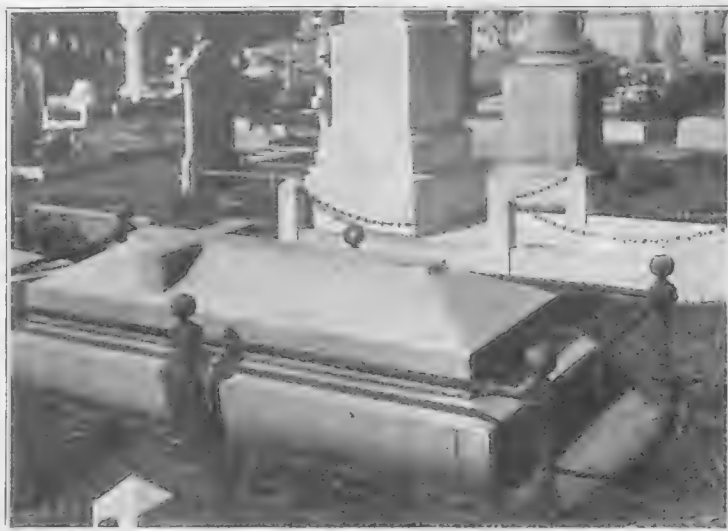
MRS. HENRY WOOD (1814-1887) SLEEPS AT HIGHGATE.

From the ends of the earth the dust of mankind is blown together; but it is rare enough that those whose minds have been brilliantly wasted in amusing and instructing the speakers of a single tongue meet together in one place of peace and reconciliation. Rare enough, that is, in all places save London and Paris. Six of the most popular novelists in the English language lie here in London sleeping the last sleep. Thackeray, George Eliot, Defoe, Trollope, Wilkie Collins, and Mrs. Henry Wood are here, all mouldering within a few miles of each other, and I reproduce the photographs of their graves here. Thackeray was born in Calcutta, and he rests at Kensal Green. George Eliot was born at Nuneaton; she is at Highgate. Mrs. Henry Wood was born at Worcester; she is at Highgate too. Defoe, Wilkie Collins, and Trollope were born in London; Defoe is in Bunhill Fields. Collins in Kensal Green, and Trollope in Kensal Green also.

Between the birth of the eldest (Defoe, in 1659), and the death of the most recent (Wilkie Collins, in 1889), 230 years have passed

away, and each of them had a vastly different career from the other. Defoe's life, its terrible privations, and its equally terrible necessity to pander and truckle to the most sordid of ambitions, is well enough known to all of us; his more modern successors learned respectability and (to put the matter mildly) a greater neatness of principle. You may say, if you like, that George Eliot had her own idea upon the general views of formal morality; but Mrs. Henry Wood in her temperance campaign, Thackeray with his dragonish passion for the Amelia Sedleys of life, Trollope with his fervent devotion to the laborious aspects of life—all these seem separated from the poor, starving journalist of his time.

To sentimentalise, then, would be all too easy. In these churchyards, these indifferent fields, which possess the bones of some of our great English novelists that once were so precious, lies the mystery of all life; there it must lie until the end of all mortal things. "Sunt lacrymæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt."



ANTHONY TROLLOPE (1815-1882) LIES IN KENSAL GREEN.



DANIEL DEFOE (1659-1731) LIES IN BUNHILL FIELDS.



WILKIE COLLINS (1824-1889) LIES IN KENSAL GREEN.



GEORGE ELIOT (1819-1880) LIES AT HIGHGATE.



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## LOVE ASTRIDE A BROOMSTICK.

BY HAIDÉE WRIGHT.

"There's Hester—walking beside Major Arnott's chair again! Really, Percy, she's awfully good-natured!"

Percy Bevis dropped his eyes to the lower terrace, took off his hat to the woman, nodded to the man, then turned and smiled in Mrs. Vincent's face.

"Hester's a dear girl, aunt; I'm very fond of her; but she has a mania for the Diseased which is almost unwholesome."

His aunt laughed.

"That cripple fellow, now, he'd be bound to appeal to her. Her heart is a regular 'Hospital for Incurables.'"

"Well, come now; it's a sad case"—Mrs. Vincent spoke indulgently. "Paralysis at thirty-seven; such a bright career! He did great things in India, I'm told."

"He was an able officer, certainly. But there"—lightly—"malaria's the deuce! You never know what aftermath of disease it may leave behind it."

It was at Eastbourne. The band was playing. They talked or listened in turn, pacing up and down.

Said Mrs. Vincent presently, with a downward nod, which, gentle though it was, set the bird-of-Paradise plumes in her bonnet waving bravely—

"When is it to be, Percy? Have you spoken to her yet? Oh, come now"—her nephew feigning innocence—"there's been some sort of understanding between you for the last eight years. Isn't it time you came to something definite?"

"To be definite," said Mr. Bevis, in his airy, complacent way, "is to be dull. It is the Incomprehensible that attracts and holds attention. As a proof of it"—he stopped, glanced down, then laughed—"I don't mind confessing that only Hester's inaccessibility has kept me faithful all these years."

"Faithful?" Mrs. Vincent's upper lip cavilled at the word.

"Well? It's a good, old-fashioned virtue."

"My dear boy! Do you suppose I haven't heard of your numerous flirtations?—with the pretty widow in Ceylon; that horrid Barker girl at Gibraltar; then the woman with the red hair and equally ruddy reputation; the—?"

"Sh, 'sh!"—her nephew, softly chiding her indiscretion in thus discussing *his*, struggled feebly with the smug smile of complacency. A lady passed them. He broke off, whispering, "Fine woman that."

Mrs. Vincent turned her head. "She ought to be," drily. "I know her well by sight. Gets her figure and her gowns from my own tailor. Well, there's truth in what you say. Men *are* drawn to the mysterious, as inevitably as a child's eyes are attracted by a farthing rushlight."

Mrs. Vincent's worldly little laugh rang out.

"How the stories of our youth mislead us! The sex of the Bluebeards should have been reversed; it is *he* who would have gone picking the lock of his wife's incomprehensibilities; having succeeded, of course, she would have ceased to interest him."

"Come, come now, aunt; one, Eve, has handed down other traditions."

"Eve! Eve is out of date, hopelessly old-fashioned, like our grandmothers. Woman has progressed since Eve's time, handing her babies and weakness over to her husband to nurse. Besides, you forget"—a gleam of malicious humour sparkled in her eyes—"while you have been waiting for dead men's shoes and Hester has been looking round for her vocation, Time has not been standing still with either."

"Good gracious, aunt!"—his tone expressed anxiety—"do I *look* decrepit? I have all my teeth left. I assure you."

"You are thirty-one," his aunt reminded him, "Hester twenty-nine. Unlike you, she looks her age, an extremely silly thing for a woman of the world to do."

"Ah! women age so much sooner than we men," he began tritely. She cut him short.

"More fools they! They should deny themselves the luxury of sentiment, refuse to be shaken by mental eruptions. Emotion," she added, conscious that she was growing hungry, and consequently irritable, "is to women what strong drink is to men—and both dissipations are wearing to the system. The 'Front' is thinning. Where's Hester? Isn't it time we were getting back to the hotel?"

"If Hester looks her age," said Mr. Bevis presently, "it's certainly through no excess of sentiment or feeling. She's the embodiment of propriety, of cold, calm impassiveness. She reminds me," he added, with his eyes half closed, "of a frozen lake—"

"After a twelve-hours' frost—exactly. Don't trust to appearances; the ice is very thin."

Mrs. Vincent glanced about. Her nephew was growing interested.

"The 'Danger'-board attracts me." In quite another tone, "There's a delightful sort of enjoyment in skating over the risky places."

"You'll go through."

"A cold bath is always invigorating."

"Um!" She shot a shrewd glance at the obstinate face beside her.

"Take care you don't find eddies and undercurrents you little dream of. 'Sh! they're playing Chopin. Hester's not in sight. Find me a chair; I want to rest and listen."

On the lower parade Miss Wolstencroft was walking, her hand on the arm of the paralytic's chair.

"I could do it in half the time," she was assuring him with insistence.

The answer came in a dry tone: "You measure with a woman's eye, Miss Wolstencroft, and they are all afflicted with a geometrical squint."

"Oh!"

"The thing's impossible, I tell you. The pier is twice the length you estimate. I couldn't run it myself in under—"

He stopped, looked blank, gnawed his moustache in a sort of helpless fury, then gave the order to "turn" in a peremptory tone.

The man obeyed. Miss Wolstencroft came round to the windward side of the chair. Finding a cushion displaced by the restless, impatient head, she patted and smoothed it, apparently oblivious to any awkwardness in the air arising from his slip.

"It's really marked, the way in which we thin women are slighted, Major Arnott," she went on brightly. "Just as if flesh meant strength—it doesn't, it buries it! Now, I am very strong. I have a pasty face, I know; but that arises from a nasty, carping disposition. I'm slight because I grizzle. There—excuse the slang—but I could run the length of that pier in thirty seconds, and, at my time of life, I consider that a very fair record."

She smiled down on him her "kind, cooling smile," as Bevis called it. Its effect on Arnott, looking up, was rather the reverse.

"Strength, speed! What's the use of 'em, pray?" he growled out savagely. "Pride of strength is about as foolish a thing as envying the flight of a butterfly. A rough hand makes a dab at it, and the airy flutterings are stopped, the pretty gay wings reduced to a pulpy film sticking to the hand of a schoolboy."

He laughed, then brought his fist down suddenly on the arm of his invalid-chair.

"Look at me, Miss Wolstencroft. I was strong a year ago. . . I could run and leap and dance with the best. . . And now, what am I? A poor shell of a man, lying here like the hulk of a disused ship pulled high and dry upon the sands. . . No more work for me, no more ambition, no more fun. Only a wreck for the rats to play in, for the birds to come and build among the rotten planks. God! when I think of it! I—who only a year ago was a man—to lie helpless for the rest of my days most likely, a useless lump, a hopeless encumbrance, gibbering presently, perhaps, over past strength and bygone valours. . . I'm not a bad chap, Miss Wolstencroft. I've had my fling, it's true, taken my fun when it came along, bought my experience, like the rest, but I've never done a mean or dirty action in my life; yet here I am, in the prime of life and strength, cut off, disabled—"

The sea was sparkling in the sunshine. Miss Wolstencroft blinked her eyes, as if the strong light hurt them, before turning them on him.

With an inarticulate murmur—poor man! it sounded like a curse—he turned his head aside.

"I am looking at you, Major Arnott," she said brightly.

"Then don't," he groaned, "for it can't be a pleasurable sight."

"I am looking," she went on, as if he had not spoken, and with her head a little on one side, "and trying to measure your shoulders with my incompetent woman's eye. They obscure the view," plaintively; "I wish you'd turn them round."

The broad back was motionless, however.

"I'll stake my purse to a penny postage-stamp," she continued critically, "they're twenty-two across if they're an inch. Plenty of room for the birds to nest in, eh, Major Arnott?"

He turned; a deep sigh strangled in a laugh.

"Don't try to flatter me into tranquility and nice behaviour, Miss Wolstencroft; I'm not to be cajoled."

Nevertheless, his humour palpably lightened.

"And so," he went on presently, "you are confident of your powers?" He looked her over, a doubtful expression on the strong, attractive face. "That's like you! You women run your races as you'd fight your battles—with your heads. We men, having less imagination, are reduced to the vulgar use of legs and arms. That is why women despise us in their hearts. They can conceive a victory so much quicker than we can carry it out." He was lighting a cigarette by this time, spreading out his coat as a wind-screen, that Miss Wolstencroft might successfully apply the flickering vesta. "I shall lose my money, but I shall have bought you a lesson in humility. Now, when shall it be, eh?"

She accepted the challenge promptly. "To-night, by moonlight, when the pier is deserted. As for your money, you shall see."

The smile of victory was on her lips. The words came trippingly. Major Arnott demurred in favour of the present.

"I feel 'fey,'" she told him; "but I'm not going to make an exhibition of myself in broad daylight, all the same. Frisking along the pier, kicking up my heels for the benefit of the multitude, would never do at my time of life. No. I must have a becoming background for my middle-aged freaks; soft moonlight, rippling water, stars—if they are procurable—lights in the distance, and ships on the horizon. I'm rather like the elderly fairies in the back row of the ballet, Major Arnott—as nimble as the best of 'em, and 'look all right at night.'"

She laughed, holding up her face to catch the warm rays of the sun.

"You're the youngest woman of my acquaintance," he said thoughtfully, regarding her with sober gravity from under penthouse brows.

"I'm fairly hale and active," was the cheerful response.

"You're younger in thought and mind"—continuing—"than many forward chits of seventeen. When one first meets you, your reserve chills—even while it interests. But day by day your shyness, indifference, pride (or what the deuce it may be!) melts, and one takes a pleasure in watching your nature unfolding leaf by leaf, like a sunflower turning to and expanding in the sun." (She lowered her chin suddenly.) "The longer one knows you, the younger you become. I could almost swear that I could count the years as you slipped them off—like a butterfly in the chrysalis stage shedding its skin. . . . I am curiously watching each transit; by the end of our acquaintance, I expect——"

"I shall have returned to swaddling clothes, and wave you a 'ta-ta' with my bib in one hand and my gum-soother in the other." Major Arnott looked annoyed as Hester's laugh rang out. "Butterflies and sunflowers indeed! Donkeys and thistles! It's injudicious flattery that turns an old maid's head."

She turned hers and looked at him—a look that ended in a laugh on both sides.

"You are the kind of old lady," he said, subsiding into gravity, "who is responsible for a deal of mischief in the world, I'm thinking."

"I?"

"Yes, you," mimicking her tone. Then, voice and face softening, "Your heart is so tender, so full of womanly sympathy; and when one tries to express a part of one's gratitude, you—you leap on the back of some wild, elfish fancy, and go clattering and rearing round our heels till we take to them at last, dropping our gratitude in the road for you to ride over. . . . I sometimes feel," he added, when she failed to answer him, "that it would be a pleasant and invigorating thing to mount a beast of the same genus, and go riding with you. Cloudland must be a pleasant place if you explore it in company. . . . Oh, to mount one of the broomsticks of my youth, and go flying through the air again in search of Tomfoolery Land!"

"Is there room for me?" A quiet voice it was, but with a queer little thrill in it, that put the question. "If so, take me up in front of you. My beast is hard to hold in sometimes. You look so safe. I'd like to try your broom."

"Would you come?" wistfully. "I haven't ridden it for years."

"I shouldn't be afraid of mounting it—with you."

"I might fly higher than you bargained for"—his sombre eyes were kindling—"and when you saw us rising higher and higher above the house-tops, you might cry and beg to be put down."

"And then you'd drop me?"

"No!" The word shot out, charged with stubborn meaning. "If you once mounted, I should hold on tight."

"I believe you would," laughing a trifle nervously. "You'd finish your race, though you might drop at the post."

"Will you enter one with me?" His eyes were on fire now. "A race with phantoms, and nothing at the end of it; a wooden broomstick to carry us, and a helpless cripple astride it to steer you to Tomfoolery Land?"

Hester, shaking with some strong emotion, tried to answer lightly—

"Your broomstick is almost as uncontrollable as my horse. We mustn't soar too high. Perhaps, Earth's the safest place for we poor mortals, after all."

"The safest, yes; but the sweetest?"—Major Arnott's face was flushed. "Hester"—in a whisper—"dear one, don't you see? I've mounted the broom, and am head and shoulders into Cloudland already. Don't turn away. . . . Hester. . . . Why——"

Midway up to her eyes, where they were creeping covertly, hand and handkerchief were arrested suddenly.

"You're crying! Crying! *You!* Stop it, Hester! Stop it, I tell you, or I shall forget *this*"—his glance swept down the nerveless limbs outlined beneath the rug—"and remember only that I'm a man—who loves you."

The aged man trundling the bath chair ambled along with bent back and deaf ears apparently. It was half-past one. The "Front"—was well-nigh deserted. Above them, on the upper terrace, a woman's high-pitched voice was heard distinctly.

"No, she's still marching that tiresome cripple up and down. Call to her, Percy. The girl's good-nature will induce her to forego her lunch."

A complacent voice replied, "What's lunch to Hester when there's a new monstrosity to add to the collection? Let's leave them, auntie. They're happier as they are. He's half-way through his symptoms, and Hester's morbid mind is revelling in the Unhealthy."

They moved away. The sentences came disjointedly.

"You're jealous, Percy"—in Mrs. Vincent's tones. "Kind . . . Kind, because she pities the poor thing. That's all."

Their voices died in the distance. Down below, the man and woman who were left turned their eyes from each other's twitching faces. She motioned to the chairman. He dropped the handle slowly, and, seating himself on a distant bench, gazed placidly out to sea. Hester's eyes returned to Arnott's. Shame and suffering were looking out of them, and above these things a stern, dogged questioning. She answered it. Under the shelter of the overhanging terrace she leaned down.

"It isn't true," she whispered, her face transfigured with the passion of pity she denied. "That's *not* the reason. It's just because I love you—*love* you, dear." Then, bending low, she kissed him on the lips.

And the bath-chair man sat blinking in the sun.

Bevis had had his answer, and he didn't like it. (They were back in town now, Bevis and his aunt and Hester.) So Percy's visits ceased, and his aunt was very wroth. As for Hester, these were scourges lightly

borne. In a dingy house in a dreary square close by she found the antidote to worry and cold-shoulder.

Major Arnott and his man were installed in "furnished rooms," Bare, unlovely as they were, the time she spent there, the one golden hour stolen from the dreary twenty-four, transformed that "first-floor front" into something like a Paradise—for two pairs of eyes, at least. (Perhaps Peters, assigned an attic with a sloping roof, might, of the bumps upon his head, tell quite a different tale; but Peters's opinion was not asked.)

It was this said Peters whom Hester, encountering upon the stairs one evening, stopped to question.

"You've returned?" she said—rather needlessly, of course.

He admitted so much, with caution.

When she would have questioned him, he rushed into a description of the Private Nursing Home, its inmates, and the incidents attendant on their detention in it during the last seven days.

Her face sharpened with anxiety.

"What was the doctor's verdict, Peters? I would rather know."

Peters avoided her eye—and a direct answer.

"My master's expecting you," was all he said, and she passed on upstairs with a sinking heart.

On the couch by the window Arnott was lying, the invalid-chair wheeled into a corner out of sight. Something in his attitude—a dogged squaring of the shoulders, an indefinable *rebellion*—struck her at once, and the pathos of it, the incongruity between the man and his fate, gripped her by the heart. Her lips stiffened a little. She moistened them, then went and knelt beside him.

"Never mind," she said unsteadily; "it—it can't be helped."

But, as his arms went round her, she turned her face to his breast, and the shadows falling round them screened and shut them in, so that their tears were hidden, even from each other.

"Is it quite hopeless, then?" she whispered, when the fire was growing dimmer.

"Quite. . . . I may walk on crutches in a year or two, but I shall never be my own man again."

He looked up presently, and broke into a laugh. "Why don't you say it's God's will, Hester? That it's done for some wise purpose, and we must bow to the decrees of Fate? Your tongue's not ready with these cut-and-dried condolences."

Then, as she answered nothing, he drew her close, till her head rested on his shoulder and his cheek was laid on hers.

"Do you know what it means? The end of everything—the 'Finis' to a book concluded in its second chapter. . . . And we only write once with the pen dipped in our heart's blood; after that we counterfeit the copy with flourishes and red ink. . . . Oh, Hester!"—his voice was husky now—"our dreams—our hopes and dreams . . . they're like a band of little children drowning before our eyes, and we must watch 'em sink because our hands are tied."

He leaned his forehead on his clenched fists, and sobs shook his frame. Then Hester, kneeling beside him, broke into a bitter cry.

"God isn't just! He isn't *just*!" she said.

"Hush, dear. You're too good. . . . It's we who are exacting. . . . We expect Him to stop the earth revolving, because of a little heartache."

Hester was crying. He stroked her roughened hair.

"Dreamers, dreamers both. Two fanciful fools astride a broomstick. . . . A bump! and we're on earth again, with nothing but loneliness before us all our days."

And the shadows lengthened until they encircled those quiet figures, and the fire's dying embers flickered—flickered, and died out—and the room was left in darkness.

Then Hester, speaking passionately, broke a long silence.

"Why should it end? Why need they drown? Murray, our hands are free if we will help each other. Love is so sweet, and life so hard! Unless we take our sunshine when it comes, we shall shiver in cold and darkness all our lives. Ah, I know!" She sprang to her feet and began pacing up and down. "You're looking prudence at me—prudence and the selfishness called wisdom—everything that wrings the joy and sweetness out of life. We're poor; you're stricken; I'm weakly; so we've no right to love; Common-sense cries, 'I forbid it!' Well, I've only one answer—We *do* love. God put it in our hearts. Your doctor's verdict can't root it out again. If you're helpless, the more need of me. You were lonely, so God set me at your side, and I won't leave it, Murray—I swear I won't!—till you stop loving me or drive me away with blows." She was down on her knees again, her arms thrown round him.

"My dear, my dear, don't put me from you just because your need of me has grown the greater! I'd be so little hindrance—you shouldn't feel the care of me——"

"Hester, dearest, hush!"

"And no one could ever love you better, or take such care of you, as I would. Peters, of course, is kind; he *likes* you, and so he tries to understand, but *I know*! I know everything you think and feel and suffer—yes, and, while I suffered with you, I would make you laugh——"

"Hester! For God's sake——"

"Because he only likes, and I love you——! That's the difference."

And then she broke down, and lay sobbing in his arms. And Arnott kissed her, without speaking, his wet cheek laid on hers.

"You've tortured me, Hester"—the quiet voice came presently out of the shadows—"but I've won the fight. 'Sh, 'sh, dear heart; don't cry! . . . What did you think of me? I was a man, Hester, before I was a cripple. I couldn't be less than one, even to gain you."



THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



"I see yer buy that apple, Liz; an' if yer don't gimme 'arf, I'll rub myself against yer, an' then yer'll 'ave the measles!"



SO SMOOTH  
SO SWEET  
SO SILV'RY  
IS THY VOICE

... MERRICK





The postman was going on his evening rounds. In his deep suffering and great renunciation, Arnott yet found his ears straining to catch the monotonous "rat-tat." He bent down and stroked the stricken head.

"My poor girl! . . . Life may have held few prizes for you, but you're not reduced to drawing a hopeless blank like me."

She lifted her face presently, and got upon her feet.

"I would rather have married you, helpless as you are—"

Her voice broke. She walked over to the fireplace. In the glass their blank eyes met.

"Hester."

She nodded to the blurred reflection. "I wrote by to-day's mail resigning the post which has been kept open for me out yonder." His voice was very gentle. "Deprived of it, my income would pay Peters's wages and keep me in tobacco. You are a delicate, refined woman, with the instinct to enjoy and revel in the sunshine. . . . Well, into the sunshine you shall go, if I have to take you by the shoulders and drive you from my side."

She made a final effort. "If you drive me from you, you drive me, most likely, into the arms of another man."

"What's that?"

"Mr. Bevis is hopeful of winning what you don't care to keep."

"Hester!"

"What? Didn't you know it? Have you never understood?" She spoke recklessly, excitedly, walking up and down. "Why, it's been the one golden prospect dangled before my eyes. To escape my brilliant future, I practised for a nurse. My health broke down. I tried—and failed—again. And I wanted so little—I wasn't greedy, after all. Just to earn my own living, to keep my self-respect. But I've tried, and failed, and I acknowledge my defeat. Oh, I know my place!" She threw back her head and laughed, not over-mirthfully. "When Percy has sown his wild oats, and is growing doubtful about the crop, he will come to me again and offer to 'settle down.'" She paused. Her manner changed. She turned dimmed eyes upon him. "Murray"—passionately—"in loving you I've found my woman's birthright. If you throw me back upon myself, you cheat me—show me God's best gift, bathe me in the glory of it, teach me what *living* means, and then shut me out in the darkness and the cold. . . . Murray"—his chin was sunk; she crept a little nearer—"my dear—"

The door was pushed open by a grimy hand.

"The lamp," said Lena the slavey, who stood upon the threshold.

It smelt of paraffin. So did her hands; she wiped them on her apron.

"Will the lady stay to supper?"—with a bland and heavy smile.

There was a pause. Then, "No," said Arnott, speaking brusquely in his suffering, "the lady's going. . . . Hester, my dear, good-bye." Hester picked up hat and gloves and walked towards the door. There she stopped, fumbling with the hat-pins.

The sympathetic maid went to her assistance.

"Let me find the 'eads, Miss. Yer 'ands is tremblin'."

"You'll let me come and see you sometimes?"—turning at the door.

"No."

"You will be lonely. I should be so glad to come!"

"Better not."

"Then, surely, I may write to you? Letters might bring comfort."

"Cold comfort, Hester. . . . I should only want—more."

There was silence in the room, broken only by Hester's sobs.

"God bless you then," she muttered, and, sobbing, stumbled out.

"God bless you," repeated Arnott—but only the shadows heard.

Nine months later, Arnott, sitting in his chair before the window, heard the bells ring out from the church in the neighbouring square.

A knock. Peters entered. He carried some deep-red roses. "The— the ceremony must be over, sir. They passed some time ago."

It was out! Uneasiness seized him. His master raised his eyes.

A pause. Then, "To-day's curry was atrocious, Peters. Give Lena another lesson."

His voice, coldly courteous, sent Peters through the door. "And, Peters," it recalled him, "the curry is the *only* matter I need trouble you to superintend."

Arnott, left alone, kept his eyes upon his book. The minutes passed, ticked off by the hideous gilt clock upon the mantelpiece. . . . Hand and eyes went wandering. They settled on the roses.

"The last," he muttered, sighing, and laid them on his knee.

A sound of wheels disturbed the quiet square. He raised his head and listened, then looked out.

A smart brougham this! White flowers filled the carriage-lamps, were on the coachman's breast and whip. But oh! incongruous circumstance, a coal-cart barred the way.

The woman, leaning forward, glanced upward at the house. Their eyes met in steady, earnest scrutiny.

A crimson rose went spinning through the window. It fell in the bride's white lap. "Well thrown!" The man beside her, smiling, complacent, applauded with gloved hands, and then the brougham rolled away.

Arnott, straining his eyes to watch it out of sight, fell backwards.

"Oh God," he groaned, "be good to me and put me out of it—soon!"

But God didn't answer him just then. Only the shadows, lying in wait, leapt out of their corners, finding him alone, and, as they clustered over his bent head, an organ-grinder in the street below struck up a lively tune. Twelve months later, more roses came to the house in the dreary square, but they were white roses this time. Hester laid them herself inside the quiet hands.

## "AT THE SPRING OF THE YEAR."

The apple-blossom was out. There was no breeze, but the blossoms detached themselves and fell lightly down every few minutes. The blue sky showed through the interlaced branches. The grass was green; pink-tipped daisies scattered through it. The trees showed the budding promise of leaves. In the trees the birds twittered. Under the trees sat a man and a girl talking.

HE (*scornfully*). And yet you prefer London to this!

SHE. Well, it's the people one meets there.

HE. You are glamourised by their jargon.

SHE. They talk of what interests them, and they work.

HE (*savagely*). And you work, and talk, and interest them, I suppose?

SHE. Hardly! I am only learning to work.

HE (*impatiently*). For what purpose? You need not.

SHE. To make the most of life, I suppose.

HE. Our views would not agree on that point, I am afraid.

SHE. Probably not. We seldom do agree, I believe.

HE. Not since you went to London and picked up the jargon of women nowadays.

SHE (*coldly*). What do you mean exactly by that word?

HE. The conversation of people who know only enough to pick up superficially ideas and phrases of other people, which become meaningless.

SHE. Conversation need not necessarily be fraught with meaning.

HE. No, but I prefer to live among people who mean what they say.

SHE. Well, anyhow, it is settled I go back to work.

HE. Oh, I didn't for one moment intend to shake your plans. Once we could talk things over; but now, since you—

SHE (*interrupting*). I have been only a year in London. You needn't harp on it so. I don't think I have lost my individuality.

HE. You are different. That's all.

SHE. You will tell me next I used to be perfectly charming.

HE (*hastily*). You certainly were.

SHE. And now that I have opinions and theories, and take an interest in things, such as—well, all sorts of things that really matter, you say—

HE. I say?

SHE (*hurriedly*). Oh, it doesn't matter a bit what you say.

HE. No. For in London they say?

SHE (*laughing a little*). They don't even say I'm horrid.

HE (*viciously*). Well, I'm glad they aren't personal.

SHE. But you haven't told me what you say—now—

HE. We always do disagree—now; so—

SHE. Oh, certainly; it's better to say nothing.

HE. But in London, now, on a day like this, what do you do?

SHE (*looking up at the clouds*). Work hard, like other days.

HE. And other days?

SHE. Draw.

HE. And the results?

SHE (*emphatically*). Vile!

HE (*pityingly*). And in the meantime you lose sight of the most obvious enjoyments. But surely even you must enjoy a day like this?

SHE. Why do you say "Even I"?

HE. Oh, I know you loathe the simplicity of the country nowadays.

SHE (*slowly*). I used to like it.

HE. Yes; but you seem to care only for a world of people—now.

SHE. And can't, you say, even enjoy existing on a day like this.

HE (*seriously*). I can't understand it.

[*Picks a huge bunch of wallflowers and pinks and brings it to her.*]

SHE (*smiling a little*). I always bought pinks and wallflowers with my spare pennies in London.

HE (*brusquely*). I suppose, finer ones than these?

SHE. No—not so nice.

HE (*still brusquely*). Women are illogical.

SHE (*quietly*). I expect women are too illogical for you to understand.

HE. And air, now. Don't you even pity the people who are trying to breathe in used-up London—who would give worlds for all this?

[*Waves comprehensively round at the grass and apple-blossom and blue sky.*]

SHE. Yes. There's Kew, you know, and Kensington Gardens.

HE (*grudgingly*). Both better than trying to copy pictures all day.

SHE. I can't think why you hate Art so.

HE. I don't hate it. I like everything beautiful. I hate the sort of "labelled" way you like things now. I wish I could get you to see things in your old way again. And People—

SHE. Why People?

HE. Oh, I see clearly how utterly distasteful I am to you.

SHE. I don't see I have said anything. As far as that goes, you have shown me more clearly how much you despise me now.

HE (*indignantly*). I have done nothing but show you how much I think about you, and—and—like you, and you only—

SHE (*interrupting indignantly*). You have done nothing but talk to me of gardens and flowers and fresh air!

HE (*perplexed*). But everything beautiful in the world means you to me. I don't see how you could misunderstand me.

SHE. I don't quite see what you *do* want me to understand.

[*He explains.*]

SHE (*later*). I think the simplicity of the country can be most awfully subtle—if you thought that was proposing. Most people would have thought you were merely trying to show me how much superior the Country is to the Town. And I quite agree with you. It *certainly* is.

HE (*easily*). Oh, there's a lot to be said for London, too.

SHE (*equality illogically*). Yes; it all depends, doesn't it?

## THEATRE NOTES.

In view of the interest attaching to Mrs. Patrick Campbell's production of "Magda," I reproduce the picture of the play as recently staged in New York.

Sir Theodore Martin's munificent gift of £2000 to the Actors' Benevolent Fund is presented in memory of his gifted wife, Helen Faucit. It is gratifying to learn that this sum is to form a separate endowment, to be called the "Helen Faucit Bequest." Such a bequest could hardly be necessary to preserve the great actress's memory, for her name and work must always occupy one of the most prominent places in the history of the English stage during the Victorian era. Yet the public memory is somewhat short with regard to artists who have left the stage, and it is surprising that no tribute worthy of Helen Faucit has yet been published. The notices at the time of her death were, for the most part, meagre (*The Sketch* certainly supplying the most interesting and appreciative), and lovers of the best traditions of the English stage look for some more lasting memorial of this most poetic actress than a newspaper notice.

The latest addition to the capital programme at the Alhambra is M. Rudinoff—who calls himself a "Royal Society Entertainer"—in whom Mr. Slater has discovered a capital "turn." M. Rudinoff, who is, like Niobe, all smiles, as well as bows and graces, starts his entertainment by drawing very quickly a Venetian picture with his finger on a large smoked glass; the



MAGDA, AS PLAYED IN NEW YORK.

picture is clever, pretty, and effective. Then he gives a whistling courtship of a lady nightingale by a cock, which is full of humour, intentional and otherwise; the whistling is quite remarkable in the way in which emotion is expressed by simple sound. Last of all, he presents some shadow-pictures that are broadly comic and ingenious; one hardly expects novelty in shadow-pictures, but there is novelty in his work. The audience was hugely delighted by the foreigner, laughed with him at his English, tried to imitate his whistling, and uttered "Oh's!" of wonder when he showed the really pretty picture of Venice that his deft fingers had executed without chalk or charcoal. I should like to know where the title "Royal" comes from—apparently the performer is French.

What is this strange story about some gold-mining admirers of Miss Maude Adams's performance of Lady Babbie in "The Little Minister," who live in Salt Lake City, having arranged to provide gold bullion to the amount of 346,000 dollars for the purpose of the erection of a life-size statue of this popular actress, *in gold*, at the Paris Exhibition? It reads like a Press-agent's fairy-tale; but it may be true, after all. Speaking of Miss Maude Adams, I shall be pleased if

Mr. Frohman does transfer to London his New York production of "Romeo and Juliet," with Miss Adams in her already celebrated impersonation of Juliet, and two of his leading actors, Mr. William Faversham and Mr. James K. Hackett, as Romeo and Mercutio respectively.



MAGDA IN HER FATHER'S HOUSE, AS PLAYED IN NEW YORK.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BYRON, NEW YORK.



## OTERO AGAIN.

Otero the beautiful is a great favourite at the Alhambra, and the audience sits patiently through her songs—which are too long, for her voice, always rather raucous, shows signs of tear and wear—waiting for the strange dances. For strangeness is the chief feature in her daring Spanish dances: the ordinary stage Spanish-dancing is ginger-beer to champagne when compared with that of the famous jewel-clad creature, who at times seemed seized by an almost Mænad madness. Beautiful head, jet-black hair, lithe limbs, and supple body all appear to be in fierce movement at once when she is spurred to excitement by her companions on the stage. What she has lost in art—and loss is undeniable—she has gained in *abandon*, and there are moments when you would use the word “frenzy” but for her sudden pauses and return to wreathed smiles. Of course, one of the inferior sex cannot describe her amazing and startlingly indiscreet dress, bedizened with diamonds till one thinks of a shop-window; and it may be that even the lady journalist could give no true idea of the remarkable costume that discloses more than it conceals. Some will wish that she had kept to Spanish dress and characteristic colouring, for pale blue and black, however effective, do not lend full aid to her charms. Some pretend that Otero is not a dancer of quality, and that her vogue is due to her vogue—a phrase with an Irish sound; but when one compares her with the other excellent performers at the Alhambra, one is surprised by her technique and originality of idea. Why she should seek to embroider the art of singing on her inherent gift for dancing it is difficult to say, except in that every one wishes to do what one does least well. I may add that the programme of the Alhambra is well worth seeing, notably the very pretty ballets.



MISS GRACE PALOTTA SINGING “OH! LISTEN TO THE BAND,” IN  
“THE RUNAWAY GIRL,” AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

Photo by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

## AT THE OPERA.

The past week at the Opera has been a joy to Wagnerites, for we have had “Tannhäuser,” “Tristan,” and “The Walküre,” while during the present week the remaining performances of the first series of Wagnerian dramas will be given—“The Flying Dutchman” having been given last night, while the immortal “Meistersinger” will be given on Saturday. During last week we were introduced to a new conductor, Herr Dr. Muck, a very able young man, who is excellent now and will yet do much greater things. He has intelligence, and controls his orchestra with the least possible effort. Another newcomer, in the person of Frau Johanna Gadschi, who appeared as Elisabeth on Monday week, is very welcome, for she possesses the arts of singing and acting in very equal measure. Frau Gadschi, who is only in her twenty-ninth year, is a native of Stettin, where she was educated, and also studied singing under Frau Schroeder-Chalonpha. She worked with that teacher for fully eight years, having begun when only a child of nine, when it was evident that she had a very wonderful voice. Her début was made when she was a mere school-girl. Before going to America, she had sung in theatres at Berlin, Bremen, and Frankfort, but for some time confined herself to the works of Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber. It was only after some years' work that she undertook the lighter Wagnerian rôles. Her success as a Wagnerian singer has been principally made in America under Mr. Walter Damrosch, under whom she has served for the past five years. She is a very handsome woman. Signor Ancona was excellent the other night as Tonio, which he created on its first production at Covent Garden some years ago. Last season he was not in the bill at all.



LA BELLE OTERO, AT THE ALHAMBRA.  
Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.



FRAU GADSKI, OF THE OPERA.  
Photo by Kuebler, Philadelphia.

## THE LONDON CHESS TOURNAMENT.

If we may accept Mr. Lasker's description of chess as a fight, there will be a terrible carnage at Westminster next month, for there, in St. Stephen's Hall, which is hard by the Aquarium, will begin, on Tuesday, the "International Chess Congress, London, 1899," whither "Masters" of all nations will be gathered together.

It was high time that London had a Tournament. There has not been one here since 1883, and sixteen years is a long time, even in these days of chess veterans. Where, in '83, was Pillsbury? And did Schlechter then know a Giuoco Piano from the Bechstein sort? The last considerable event of the kind in England was at Hastings, four years ago, and even in that interval the face of the chess-world has been somewhat changed.

All the most important figures in that world will sit down to do battle in St. Stephen's Hall next Tuesday. The London Tournament will gain in interest, as compared with the great Vienna meeting of last year, by the presence of Lasker, the World's Champion. The undaunted Steinitz will be there, and Pillsbury, with many laurels on his brow; and Tschigorin, who plays the game; and, of course, our own Blackburne, on whom we mainly rely to wipe away the reproach that we are not a chess-playing nation. Tarrasch, who tied with Pillsbury at Vienna and beat him, cannot come; and the brilliant young Charousek, in whom so many chess hopes centre, is prevented by illness. Janowski and Showalter, however, will renew the combat they have just finished in America. Burn, Mason, and Bird will complete the contingent of the English Masters, and among the rest from abroad will be Maroczy and Schlechter.

In all, sixteen of the first chess-players of the world will compete for the nine prizes in the most interesting event of the Congress, the Double-Round Invitation Tournament. Each competitor, that is to say, will play every other competitor twice. The prizes in this Tournament will range from £250, the first, to £20, the ninth, in addition to various consolatory awards.

But where does the "rising" player, the amateur, he who is not a Master but a learner, get his chance? Well, he is provided for by the Committee in a Single-Round Tournament, which has been specially devised to meet his case. This is quite apart from the big affair of the Masters; in point of fact, no player can compete in both tournaments. So the Masters will thunder their Ruy Lopez and Queen's Pawn openings at one another, always remembering that it is soundness and not brilliancy that wins tournaments; while the Single-Rounders will manufacture among them as good chess as they can for the £200 of prizes.

Among the English amateurs who have entered are Mr. E. O. Jones, Mr. E. M. Jackson, and Mr. Muller; and among the English professionals, Teichmann and Lee. Three prominent names among the foreigners in this competition are Caro and Mieses, of Berlin, and Marco, of Vienna. Mr. Marshall, Champion of the Brooklyn Chess Club, will, no doubt, fight as eagerly for the £70 first prize as if he had never heard of the Anglo-American *entente*.

The Masters will spend a pretty busy June. The Tournament lasts for six weeks, and during that time they play five days a-week, from 12 to 4.30, and from 6.30 to 10.30. And so seriously do the Masters take their business that they do not even think of striking for an eight-hours' day! Even the sixth day may be taken up if any of the games played on the other days are left unfinished. The Single-Rounders will not have to work so hard for their prizes, for they need not play except in the evening.

An interesting item in connection with the Congress is that, as in 1883 (when the St. George's Club was the moving spirit, as the British

Club is to-day), India has given generous support to the project. The Maharajah of Travancore, in particular, has subscribed handsomely. The expenses of the Tournaments are expected to be about £1500, towards which over £1000 has already been forthcoming.

The British Chess Club will, after the Tournaments, publish the games in book form, as was done in 1883. It is, indeed, one of the rules that "the games become the property of the Committee." A good proportion of Tournament games are too "cautious" to be valuable additions to the literature of chess, but not a few of the Masters now packing up for London have the reputation of being sportsmanlike players, and we may hope for some classic examples.

## THE LONDON JUBILEE OF THE ORATORIAN.

On Friday, the festival of St. Philip Neri, the founder of the Order, the Metropolitan Oratorians will celebrate their Jubilee at Brompton with

High Mass, to be sung by Bishop Brindle, and a sermon by Dr. Bagshawe, Bishop of Nottingham, with Vespers at 4.30 p.m., with orchestra; and with Te Deum, with orchestra, sermon, and Benediction, at 8 p.m. The Oratory was introduced into England by the late Cardinal (then Father) Newman in 1847. Its abode was first at Mary Vale, near Oscott, whence, after a temporary sojourn at St. Wilfred's, Cotton Hall, Staffordshire, Father Newman and his companions in the early part of 1849 moved to Alcester Street, Birmingham. Later in that same year—I believe it was actually on April 28—Newman sent Father Faber to found the London House. That London House was not in then rural Brompton, where the stately fane in which the Oratorians will celebrate their fiftieth year of London life now stands. The house of which they took possession on that eventful Saturday was but a few yards removed from the roar and bustle of the busy Strand. In King William Street, at the back of the great thoroughfare, the Oratorians, in what was really a kind of picnic fashion, set up their home in a house which had passed through various vicissitudes—had been a dancing-saloon, and a whisky-store—and which, in later years, was to see the name of Toole, during a long period of theatrical prosperity, upon its portals, and then to become part and parcel of a great Metropolitan hospital. Here, then, during a period of public storm and stress, when London hoardings and walls were placarded with the "No Popery" legends of a less tolerant age than ours, when

priests who appeared in the public streets in the habit ecclesiastical ran the risk of contumely and abuse, in such a period it was that the small and devoted band of six priests and two novices began the work the enormous development of which will be illustrated in the forthcoming celebration. The Oratory did not exist for any length of time in the little street at the back of the Strand, yet much work was done during that comparatively brief sojourn, and much ground was gained for the Roman Catholics in London. In 1850 Cardinal Newman founded the Brompton Oratory, and here, among the greenery and gardens of the old-world suburb of half-a-century ago, there began to grow up by slow degrees, to be decorated with gradual but steady progress, that Oratory which to-day attracts vast and regular congregations, and which may be regarded as the very head-centre of Roman Catholic ecclesiastical splendour and magnificence, and on which vast sums have been spent, principally supplied by the Oratorians themselves, who may be regarded as the *élite* of English Roman Catholics, and a body to whom poverty has always been a stranger. Amid all the trials and troubles of the Roman Church in England, money has ever been forthcoming for any object which appealed to the imagination of its votaries.

W. G. F.



HERR E. LASKER.



MR. H. N. PILLSBURY.



MR. BLACKBURNE.



HERR STEINITZ.

From Photographs by George Bradshaw, Hastings.



## THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

When to light up: Wednesday, May 24, 8.55; Thursday, 8.57; Friday, 8.58; Saturday, 8.59; Sunday, 9; Monday, 9.1; Tuesday, 9.2.

As a purely fashionable pastime, cycling no doubt has had its day. Cycling was nothing more than a vogue with certain people, and has been thrown aside just as last year's bonnet is thrown aside. That, of course, is a consequence of everything that becomes a "rage." In several of the London parks there have been no contracts this year for the letting out of bicycles, and even in Battersea Park—the Mecca of the fashionable dawdler—the contract this year has gone for £75, whereas in previous years it was double that amount. This, however, does not prove that wheeling is really on the wane. There are thousands of people who formerly hired machines and now own them. Then, riding in a circle round a park does get a little monotonous. Personally, I confess I've never ridden in Hyde Park, and it's three years since last I rode in Battersea Park. When I have time for a spin, I like to push out into the country, even if it is only for a couple of hours. Many other folks, no doubt, do the same. Though as a purely fashionable pastime cycling has now ceased, as a popular pastime I believe it is more general than ever. Last Sunday morning and the Sunday before I was on the road between Sutton and Leatherhead. I never saw such torrents of wheelers as London was literally pouring into the country.

The Johannesburg Commercial Cycling Club (which was photographed at Sans Souci, one of the popular half-way houses of the Randt) is now in its second season, and has a membership of some one hundred and eighty. Its purpose has been to draw together in good-fellowship the

The Mall from Buckingham Gate to Marlborough Gate has long been a bad stretch for cyclists. Mr. Balfour has had some experience on it. So now the Mall is to be paved with wood. That is excellent. If Mr. Balfour will only take to riding along the Thames Embankment, something may be done to improve that humpy, bumpy, joggling thoroughfare.

On this page I have more than once advocated the starting of picturesque tea-rooms in some of the outer suburbs of London—places where ladies can stay for an hour in the afternoon and have a cup of tea and some cake under the trees. Eighteenpence—which is the usual price at inns—I always think a great deal too much to pay for tea and bread-and-butter. Sixpence or ninepence is quite sufficient. I now hear that such a tea-room as I have recommended is about to be started in the country, north of London. A suitable site is being sought for.

A "cyclists' coterie" has been opened by several ladies at Hazel Tree Cottage, Woodford, near Salisbury. It is a branch of the Elm Tree House coterie, which was started at Ripley two years ago. Hazel Tree Cottage, I am told by a correspondent, is a pretty, old-fashioned house standing in a good garden with an orchard, and is situated on the main road between Salisbury and Stonehenge. The house is neatly fitted up, and ladies can get luncheon or tea, or they can stay at the place as paying guests. I have cycled all round the district myself, and I should say it will be an excellent centre for ladies having a little tour on their wheels.

Race-meetings hold a very small place in the interest of the great mass of cyclists. Indeed, professionalism is in a very bad way. Manufacturers who a few years ago had many crack riders in their pay



THE COMMERCIAL CYCLING CLUB OF JOHANNESBURG.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE REMBRANDT STUDIO, JOHANNESBURG.

members of the various commercial houses in the "Golden City," and in this it has been successful, through the medium of half-holiday runs, picnics, moonlight runs, and a monthly Cinderella dance.

My experience of country parsons, especially when they are cyclists, is that they are real good fellows. Therefore, I'm a little surprised that they do not try more to get the friendship of the hundreds of other good fellows, not parsons, who often ride into their villages on a Sunday. Cyclists are no more irreligious than other folks, and the reason they wheel on Sunday is, not to commit desecration, but simply because that is the only day they can get away. Many of them would gladly go to afternoon service in a village church, but they think knickerbockers and flannel shirts might be considered out of place, so they lie on their backs in the garden of the village hotel. Now, if parsons would let it be known that the cyclists would be welcome—if, indeed, on their way to church they looked in at the hotel and gave a friendly welcome, not patronising, but just that of one decent chap wanting to meet other decent chaps—they would be sure to get at least several to go to church.

One of the pleasantest recollections I have is attending a big cycle-parade to church. The service was held in the churchyard, and the parson stood on a gravestone, with the ivy-walled old edifice behind him, and lying on the grass about were several hundred wheelmen. There was no talk about sinfulness and everlasting fire. It was a bright, happy Sunday afternoon, and the singing rose like a big wave on the sea. If clergymen really want to do good among the hundreds of thousands of young fellows who ride out on the Sundays, let them meet them as fellow-cyclists. Let the school-room be used for storing the wheels. Let the young ladies get tea ready at sixpence a head. Cycling makes healthy bodies and healthy minds; and that is when to get a man to go to church, because he likes to, and not because he feels he would be doing wrong if he stays away.

as a means of advertising the machines they rode, have found that the public care little about racing, and so have thrown over the racing-men. Besides, it is well known there is a good deal of dishonesty on the racing-track. Many men enter a race not with the hope of winning it themselves, but to fence in another rider who might be successful, and so give another man, in whose pay they are, a better chance. The introduction of pacing did a great deal to kill public interest. It took away the atmosphere of sport. The winning of a race began to depend on good pace-makers even more than a good racer. Now we are having pace-making by motors. This makes matters worse. Of course, it is curious to know how fast a man can go in an hour behind pace-makers, or motors, or trains. But there is no sport about it. We want genuine contests between individual riders. Therefore, if cycle-racing is ever to be genuinely and universally popular, pace-making, in any and every form, must be abolished.

The cyclists in Belfast are certainly far more fortunate than we in London, or, indeed, any English city. For some time the Belfast wheelmen have had a special path in Ormeau Park reserved to them. This, however, has not given universal satisfaction. So now the Belfast Corporation are about to make a properly banked-up, cemented cycle-track, built at the ratepayers' expense.

The Eastern Counties are not sufficiently well-known as touring grounds for cyclists. June is a good time to make their acquaintance. The roads are in fine condition, not dusty, and there are few hills to bother you. The scenery all through the Wolds and the Fens and the Broads is different to what you find in other parts of England, and, if your hobby runs to inspecting fine old churches, the East Counties are indeed a happy region. Those who cannot get away for a week will find a Saturday and Sunday in Suffolk exceedingly enjoyable just now.

J. F. F.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES.

I was sorry to see such a poor acceptance for the Manchester Cup, as the prize is a very valuable one. It may be that owners are keeping their long-distance horses for Ascot, Goodwood, and the Autumn Handicaps. At Manchester, on Friday, Herminius ought to go very close—that is, if he runs. I have heard of one bold speculator who has already laid out

£2000 on this horse, but I do not know whether or not the money was invested on behalf of the stable. Chubb is very likely to perform well over this course, and the followers of Sloan will no doubt go nap on Asterie, who, by-the-bye, is none too sound on her legs. I was sadly disappointed when this mare could only get second to Chaleureux in the Cesarewitch, but I expect to see her run much better in the autumn than she will this week. Golden Bridge, on the book, has a great chance if he can stay the distance, but I shall stand on Herminius for the absolute winner.



TENNIS CHAMPION OF SOUTH AFRICA.

Photo by Larsen, Durban

is as good as won. He still believes in the time test, and he always clocks his own trials; but no one quite understands his methods, and even the jockeys engaged are no wiser at the finish than they were at the start. Huggins continues to walk very lame, the result of a bad accident he met with some years back. He often talks of returning to America, but I do not expect the land of the Stars and Stripes will see him except as a visitor for many years to come, as he has the kink of English racing, and therefore shows good results. Lord William Beresford is very lucky in being able to control two such artists as Sloan and Huggins, and the two latter are equally happy in their choice of a master.

We want more funny men in the ring. The bookmakers, as a body, are as dry as dust, but we have a few loud exceptions. Dick Dunn, with his penny trumpet and his rich repartee, is a fund of entertainment. Alec Harris is a well-known character in the ring, and he is very entertaining when in one of his really funny moods. Again, there is "Chippy" Norton, with his diamond studs the size of ripe walnuts. "Chippy" could be relied upon to entertain a crowd for hours, provided one of his hearers played the part of interlocutor. There are one or two more funny bookmakers, but the majority of the layers are sadly wanting in wit.

Cigarette-smoking has become more general of late on the race-course, and I often see men now smoking cigarettes who would have scorned the idea a dozen years back. The reason for the change is this. It is inconvenient to keep a cigar lighted while watching a race through glasses, while the cigarette can be thrown away as soon as the white flag falls. Further, the cigarette is sufficient to satisfy the appetite of any ordinary smoker, and even the most abstemious of backers do not object to a whiff or two at a cigarette, while they would not attempt a cigar under any conditions. Our racecourse caterers must not forget that the cat has jumped, and, if they would keep pace with the times, they should stock in all the best brands of cigarettes as well as cigars. They would, I am sure, find plenty of sale for them.

I was pleased to see that well-known sporting journalist, Mr. John Corlett, returning from Kempton Park in the royal train after the race for

the Jubilee Stakes. Mr. Corlett is a racy raconteur, and is the best of good company. His knowledge of racing and racing-men is unique, and he may rightly be termed a "walking Whitaker," so far as the Sport of Kings is concerned. Before the Master owned a paper of his own, he was the vaticinator on the leading daily sporting paper, and he has for over forty years been more or less successful in his attempts to find winners. Mr. Corlett has owned some bad horses in his time, but some of these, notably William the Silent, ran well after "the Master" had parted with them. It is a remarkable fact that sporting journalists, as a body, cannot make owning horses pay, if we except the case of Mr. Joe Stoddart, who owned a useful animal in Red Rube.

At many of the race-meetings held in the London district we see hundreds of well-dressed ladies, and I often think a note of warning should be given to those Clerks of Courses who are bachelors, and have no dressmakers' and milliners' bills to pay, in reference to providing proper crossings on the course and in the paddocks, that the ladies might travel about without spoiling their lovely frocks. The Sandown people always use cocoanut-matting freely where the wet grass has to be crossed, and this form of pathway is recommended to officials elsewhere, especially for those courses which are built on the clay. The matting could be freely used for crossing the running-track between the rails, and it is easily managed. I have, before now, suggested that matting should be put down in front of the stands at Ascot after every race, and be kept there until the course was cleared. If this were done, I feel sure the Turf would last the four days of the meeting perfectly.—CAPTAIN COE.

## TENNIS.

Miss Nora Hickman is the Lady Lawn-tennis Champion of South Africa. The Annual Tournament was held in April at Port Elizabeth, Cape Colony, when Miss Hickman successfully defended her title, and now retains the massive silver trophy, having won it three times in succession. Without question, Miss Hickman is the finest lady exponent of the game in South Africa, for not only has she defeated all her opponents, but did so on each occasion with apparent facility and confidence. Few ladies seem to be able to play the volleying game with any degree of accuracy; but the South African Lady Champion is a notable exception to the general rule, being a particularly brilliant volleyer. Her returns are swift and clean, and placed with marvellous accuracy and judgment, while her service leaves nothing to be desired. From time to time South Africa has produced many excellent votaries of the game, but Miss Hickman has heretofore proved that she has no compeers among her sex in this branch of sport—at least, in South Africa. Miss Hickman was born in Durban, Natal.

## CRICKET.

The collapse of Surrey before the Australians at the Oval last week was a tremendous stroke in favour of W. P. Howell, the "Bee Farmer," who took all the wickets and gave only twenty-eight runs. Instances of any bowler taking all ten wickets in an innings are rarer even than once a season. The success of Howell is the more wonderful because he was making his first appearance in England. Howell is a sturdily built man, who bowls with a very simple action—so simple as to be very deceptive to the batsman, who never is prepared for the fast ball. Yet the ball that took the wickets—the eight that were clean-bowled—was by no means fast. It came round, pitching to the off, and breaking in tremendously. It looked simple. He bowled Abel (whom Trumble failed to dislodge) at the first ball.



TRUMBLE BOWLING AND ABEL BATTING IN SURREY v. THE AUSTRALIANS AT THE OVAL.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

There was the usual rush out of town for Whitsuntide this year, which people so greatly avail of now to give themselves an additional holiday.

The celerity with which London empties itself on these occasions of Easter, Whitsun, and August is indeed little short of miraculous. Up



FOR AFTERNOON WEAR.

[Copyright.]

to Friday we are all amusing ourselves hard, or working equally so, as the fates and our environments have laid down; but with the Saturday and the prospects of a few days' absence, "Our boat is on the shore, and our bark is on the sea," with all possible celerity. And with every sail set, into the bargain. To the guileless stranger coming to London for the first time in, say, the last week of July there would surely seem something more than bewildering inconsequence in the way that people dangle and dance, picnic and merry-make variously, until the chimes ring out and the curtain rings down on the last day of the month. For as certainly as dawns the morning of Aug. 1 does he see London, or that part of it which deserves the name, deserted, shuttered, and silent, as if magic had been at work in the night and the spirit of the gay world had never trod its suddenly deserted pavements, or looked out through its impenetrably muffled-up windows, or drove through its dreary, melancholy parks.

This present vanishing of the Monde is, meanwhile, but a very temporary one, a sort of breaking away from cover, as it were, before harking back to the attack of all the gaieties that await participation. From to-day and to-morrow trains will be pouring in with thousands coming to town after this brief recess, and all will be as it has been for the past four or five weeks, only more so.

Paris has been the goal of a good many holiday-makers of all classes this Whitsuntide, and many women chiefly intent on clothes have gone to snatch a hasty glimpse of the Gay City, which is at its greenest,

gayest, and most beautiful both in the Bois and on the Boulevards at this charming time of the year.

Longchamp on Sunday was more like a great garden-party than a race-meeting, so exquisitely glowing and vivid were the dresses on all sides. I noticed a great gathering of foulards on the stand, by-the-way, and, now that the season is mild enough to wear this favourite material, nothing is found to be so soft, so summer-like, and generally pleasant to wear. One finds that foulards are also well adapted to those tight-fitting costumes of our present belated ardours, while they, at the same time, retain the desired lightness so necessary to one's hot-weather surroundings.

One of the loveliest dresses I saw was that worn by the handsome Comtesse de Pourtalès. It was a most becoming shade of pink, with a quaint coral-branch pattern done in faintest mauve; the bodice, cut low, opened with a chemisette of frilled white chiffon, and the sleeves, which were quite tight, fitted admirably. The Countess was wearing a Leghorn hat trimmed with mauve orchids and black velvet foliage, her parasol being of the same material as her frock.

Many smart women are now wearing hats of dyed crinoline, which is quite a new freak in the modish fancy. The great Liane de Pougy, for instance, was sporting in the Bois a hat of pale-mauve crinoline alternating with mousseline-de-soie of the same shade. A bow of black velvet stuck in at the side, and partly hidden by the soft hair in front, gave a great originality to the whole. The crown was rather high, of a flower-pot shape, and trimmed with great bunches of iris in pink, mauve, and black shades.

Beige-coloured cloth is still well beloved of the Parisiennes, and the bolero corsage, trimmed with narrow mohair braid in half-circles, which



FOR THE RACES.

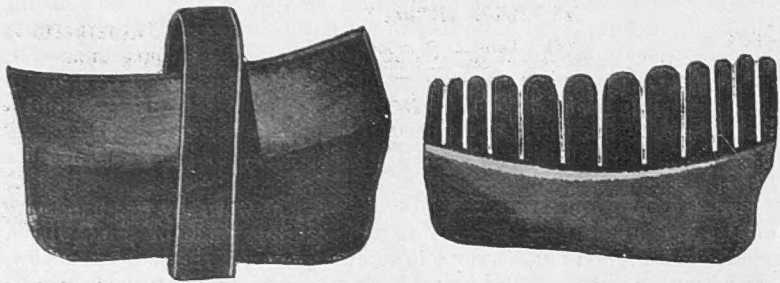
[Copyright.]

are repeated on the skirt at intervals, is a favourite style of morning-dress with the smartly frocked nation. A small chemisette of white mousseline or chiffon, flanked by a full jabot of yellow lace, gives elegance



to this useful style of costume, and is very popular. Worn with these cloth frocks are plain silk or moiré *en-tout-cas*, which are either made to match or contrast with the dress.

The daintiness of the Parisienne in the matter of shoe- and foot-gear excels itself at the present moment, when, through lifting up the skirt, a larger portion of the foot and ankle is necessarily shown than when our



ANKLE-SUPPORTS AT THE LONDON SHOE COMPANY'S.

dressers merely touched the ground. Patent-leather seems to divide the honours with the bronze and black kid bottine in Paris, where one never sees the flat-footed, ungraceful woman who is still an occasional source of sorrow and surprise in the London streets. Apropos of this subject, a very ingenious and very simple apparatus, designed by a medical man, has lately been brought before my notice by the London Shoe Company, who are always well to the front in anything that improves not alone the quality, but the contour of up-to-date shoes. The new invention is a light, flexible steel plate put under the tread of the foot, and absolutely forms a support to the ankle and instep, which will be found not alone comfortable and hygienic, but gives an extremely smart effect to one's pedal extremities as well. The spring is covered with fine leather, and fitted with an elastic band which helps to keep it in place. Dr. Davies' spring-steps or ankle-supports, whichever one may choose to call them, are manufactured and can only be obtained from the London Shoe Company, whose headquarters are in Queen Victoria Street, and whose Bond Street premises are a well-known fashionable rendezvous to the well-shod woman. The illustrations which appear in this week's issue will explain the simple but effective action of these new inventions very completely.

The weather has not yet been warm enough for our summer fineries of cambric and muslin, and it has, in fact, been only within the last week we have been enabled to put forth even a tentative effort at diaphanous altogether, while, in the matter of winter underclothing, few have dared to risk the penalties of influenza by shedding the silk or woollen under-vests with which they warded the winter winds away. In this connection, it is very appropriate to mention that the hygienic underclothing invented one or two seasons ago by Dr. Thomalla is particularly suitable to this climate, inasmuch as that, while it keeps the body warm, it does not absorb and retain perspiration, as do most other woven or flannel garments. The material has a double texture, the outside being made of wool, round which a cotton-thread has been spun, while the ribbed inside texture is made of raw cotton. Another feature about this underclothing is that it never thickens or gets shrunken in washing, is exceedingly durable, and, being made in such pretty colours as pale pink, white, and natural colour, always looks pleasant to the eye. So great has been its success since first brought into notice, that now children's outfits are prepared of it, as well as all sorts of men's clothing. Most of the best shops keep a supply on hand, and it is no exaggeration to say that few inventions have established their own excellence so widely and in such a short space of time as has the hygienic underclothing of Dr. Thomalla.

A very curious dress worn at the Royal Artillery Races last week was made of mauve muslin over mauve silk, with a double skirt, the trimming on the end of both being bias pleats of differently coloured silks laid on in curves—for instance, pale yellow, blue, and pink, each describing a half-circle, were met by mauve, black, and white, the first colours being repeated again, and so on alternatively round both skirts. The effect, somewhat bizarre, as one might suppose, befits a frock fresh from Doucet; but it was, notwithstanding, exceedingly smart. A small fichu of real lace surrounded a yoke of mauve velvet. The sleeves, made quite tight, were edged at the cuffs with triple bias rows of the same colours, to match the skirt. Another very charming frock, which was worn on the second day of the races, was a pale-blue muslin over mauve silk, which had a pretty neck-trimming of lace, and the bodice was trimmed with stripes of narrow black velvet.

From Paris, where several friends are augmenting their already well-cared-for wardrobes, I have received within the past week various enthusiastic reports on millinery as it appears on the Boulevards.

Several smart Parisiennes were also wearing dresses of Swedish cloth, cut so as to give an impression of a polonaise, though the skirt is really divided from the corsage by a waistband.

The effect of all this depends entirely, of course, on the skill with which it is manipulated. This polonaise style is extremely becoming, and when the front is cut with tabs to match either the background of satin or silk in a darker shade, an admirable effect is obtained. Each tab should be held down by buttons of silver filigree or cut-steel, and the same treatment as to the satin front would, of course, apply to the bodice, which is ordered in the same way.

Straw toques of different colours made up with grey and white

seagulls' feathers are ornamented with immense tulle rosettes, and seem first favourites with the wandering fancy of lovely woman.

Directory hats, which really look more like glorified Salvation Army bonnets, are also affected of the Monde, and the white matted straw which was beloved of our early Victorian aunts is revisiting glimpses of the moon and electric-light variously, in the same old-fashioned boat-shape as these good ladies delighted in of yore.

The First Empire style is also being closely copied in outdoor garments, and old prints are unearthed with which to guide the modern modiste in the reading of the quaint, stiff lines in which these garments fell.

I referred to the use of perfume a week or two ago, by the way, as being a distinctly recurrent fashion, and have since been asked by many correspondents to point out for their edification a distinctive and pleasantly fragrant essence. Among those which obtain favour at the moment, chief among many others may be mentioned the "Victorian Bouquet," which is made only by Grossmith and Son, of Newgate Street. This quite delicious and lasting scent is prepared from flowers grown in the firm's factory at Grasse.

Another fascinating scent, made by them from Indian flowers, which are sent home in bulk, is "Phul-Nana Perfume." When soap scented by it is used, the whole room is filled with heavy fragrance.

A quite unique series of perfumes is made by Messrs. Grossmith from the essences of twelve English flowers—May-blossom, Narcissus,



[Copyright.]

A GRACEFUL GOWN.

Lily-of-the-Valley, Musk-Rose, Violet, English Lilac, Mignonette, Wallflower, and others. Each is absolutely true to nature, and will be very welcome to those who wish to use a recognisably pure perfume.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ABOYNE.—Am sorry for the delay, and will hope to send it you through post, as you have had to wait a week.

ETHEL (Sydenham).—Your Maltese silk-lace can be very easily cleaned by any local man, or it would even wash quite satisfactorily.

SYBIL.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on May 29.*

## AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.

The Stock Exchange, after its eight months' busy times, is now entering upon the period when men's thoughts turn more to racing and the holidays than Kaffirs or Home Rails. Like most other professions or businesses, there is a particular season when the House expects every investor and speculator to do his duty in bringing grist to his broker's

scale to the production of iron and steel, which is sold all over the world; the great rolling-mills of Birmingham, Alabama, are famous as well in this country as in the United States; cotton goods are manufactured in such quantities that many New England manufacturers, feeling the pinch of competition, are removing their works to the home of the raw material; the timber trade is enormous, and fruit-growing has become a recognised industry, which is covering the hillsides of Georgia and much of the best land in Alabama.

How does all this concern the steady-going investor of old England? In the first place, it bids those hope who have seen their money locked

up in the many speculative enterprises which were, like children born out of due season, floated upon this market in the mad "boom" of 1888 and 1889; in the second place, it ought to make thoughtful persons seriously consider what will be the effect of this rising competition upon the coal and iron industry of this country, as soon as the period of abnormal activity through which we are passing is over. Already we know shrewd masters here who are contemplating the possibility of, at no far distant day, having to move their works to Alabama; but perhaps it may be as well first to float the old ones upon the long-suffering public at twice their value, don't you know—if the public will only subscribe for the shares. In the third place, our readers should not forget that the tide of industrial development in the States has set South, nor can it be arrested by even the huge trade "combines" with which America is just now overrun, so that it is not improbable that our sharp Yankee friends may offer us, at prices which look cheap, many of the New England factories which they know well enough are doomed to death by the inevitable march of industrial progress.

We can only point out what is happening; our readers must apply the facts to the various situations as they arise.

## THE OUTLOOK FOR CONSOLS.

Reminiscing in this fashion, we may remark that the lowest price ever touched by Consols was 47½, which was in 1798. In the previous year the price fell to 48½ on Nov. 14, when cash payments were suspended. The highest price Consols ever reached was in 1898, when it soared to 114, which is about 4 points above the existing price, and the yield now works out to a few pence over 2 per cent. Although the price may go a little higher, the probability is that between now and 1903 (when the interest becomes reduced to 2½ per cent.) there will be a steady decline in the value of the Funds. Of course, there will always be plenty of buyers for Consols, but there seems to be also a feeling among Trustees that Consols are getting excessively high, and people's money is becoming more and more invested in the Home Railway gilt-edged securities. The example of two American States, whereby the Savings Banks within their legislative boundaries are permitted to invest in about a dozen high-class Railway Bonds, will probably be used with some force by those who are constantly agitating for an extension of the Trustee list, and every new security thrown open to Trustees means a further cheapening of Consols in consequence of a decreased demand.



COTTON BALES AT A COUNTRY RAILWAY-STATION.

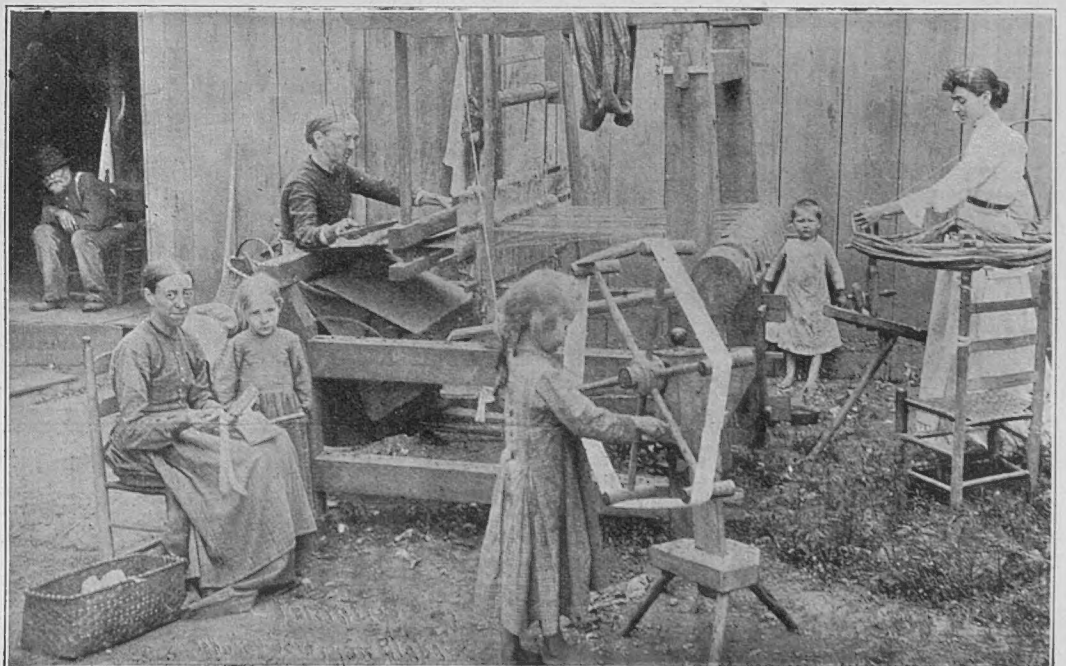
mill. Between the months of October and May is popularly supposed within the halls of Gorgonzola to be the best time of year for piling up balances at the bank; hot weather usually acts as a brake upon the enthusiasm of clients for Stock Exchange transactions. It is rather interesting to note, by the way, that the Stock Exchange celebrated its ninety-eighth birthday last Thursday—that is to say, so far as the present building is concerned. It was on May 18, 1801, that the foundation-stone of the existing house was laid in Capel Court. The exact spot is now marked by a plate fixed on one of the stones in the Strong Room of the House. The original inscription rests within this stone, and records the names of several of the members who assisted at the function. The growth of the floor-space in the ninety-eight years which have elapsed since the original plans were prepared has been immense, and the greatest problem which still faces the managers to-day is how to provide fresh accommodation for the ever-increasing army of members and their clerks.

## THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SOUTHERN STATES OF THE AMERICAN UNION.

Our contemporary, the *City Press*, published about a month ago a very interesting article on the great industrial and commercial development which had taken place within the last few years in the Southern States of the great North American Republic, and most striking evidence of the truth of the statements made in that article was, curiously enough, furnished by a letter which was read on the same day at the annual meeting of the New England Brewery Company, Limited. We have made a series of inquiries, and feel justified in calling our readers' attention to the matter in these columns, because, from an investor's point of view, the matter is one of considerable importance.

In the days of the Civil War and slave labour, the South was merely a producer of cotton, sugar, and tobacco; to-day it is rapidly becoming not only a great industrial centre, but, so far as coal, iron, and cotton are concerned, the industrial centre of the Union. The crops, and the crops alone, were in the old days produced in Tennessee, Alabama, and Virginia, while necessities both for the production of the crops no less than for the luxuries of civilised life were brought from the North. The iron and the coal remained unworked; the cotton was exported, only to be brought back again when manufactured for the use of the growers, while even the sugar and the tobacco left the country in a state unfitted for the use of the consumer.

To-day all this is changed: the coal is turned into coke, and applied on a gigantic



PRIMITIVE COTTON-WEAVING IN ALABAMA.



## THE RAILWAY MARKETS.

The languor which usually characterises the Home Railway Department during the greater part of the year was not greatly perturbed by the prospect of good Whitsuntide traffics. Nor is there likely to be much animation here until July, when dividend forecasts will begin to appear. Of the "Heavy" lines, our favourite for the rise is London and North-Western ("Brum."), which seems to us to have a much better chance of improving than the two Midland Stocks. As we hinted last week, the Midland Company may experience some little difficulty in maintaining its dividend. North-Eastern Consols are a good purchase, and from people supposed to be "in the know" we hear good accounts of Great Northern Deferred, in spite of its late advance. Metropolitan Consolidated is likely to have a sharp recovery within the next month or two, and it is getting nearly time for the gamble in Chathams to recommence.

Stepping across to the Yankee Market, the outlook seems to be in favour of the "bulls." It has been urged that the necessity for the strong support rendered to the market by New York financiers upon the death of Mr. Flower points to a situation intrinsically weak; but surely this is taking a very one-sided view of the matter. The late Mr. Flower was so well known as a strong leader of the "bull" party, that it was only natural for his death to cause a rush of selling in anticipation of his stock being placed on the market, and it was to prevent a senseless panic that the Wall Street magnates adopted the course referred to. One might just as well have condemned all the Barnato Companies because the Johannesburg Consolidated directors supported their group at the time of Mr. Woolf Joel's sad death. Yankees present a fair front, and are likely to go better for a time. Between Grand Trunks and Mexican Rails a comparison works out in favour of the latter, and the principal Argentine Railway Stocks are now dangerously high for anything but a strong-box investment.

## FOREIGNERS.

The Peace Conference isn't very likely to do much good to the Foreign Market. What is more likely to be effectual in raising quotations is the general dread of an outbreak of war between civilised nations—a fear which is spreading every year into every class of every country. Yet we must not forget that Spain and America drifted into a war only last year, just as in the same way England slid into the Crimean War, mainly on account of the vacillating policy of Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell, in 1854. Spanish have risen upon the latest announcements with regard to the sealing of the bonds and talk of a remission of the tax on their coupons, but we think the price is quite high enough. A better speculation for the rise is to be found in some of the junior Turkish "Groups," although these naturally are more or less of a gamble. The Copper shares located in the Foreign Market are risky to touch either way. Anyone operating in Rio Tintos or Anacondas is likely to be in the position of a member of the House who, asked by a friend whether he had been a "bull" or "bear" of Tintos, mournfully replied that he had been both at different times, until the loss of several hundred pounds convinced him that he was an "ass."

## THE MINING MARKETS.

Politics will remain on the Kaffir tapis just so long as it pleases the big houses to keep them there, and no longer. The "cock-and-bear" stories, as a Kaffir jobber said, which were in circulation last week, may be relied upon to do duty for a month or two, unless the controlling heads of the market think proper to engineer the rise for which there now seems a fair prospect. The summer is not, as a rule, a good time for mining "booms," but of late years the dog-days have witnessed several important "boomlets" in Kaffirs, and it must not be forgotten that the last famous "boom" ran right through the hottest months of 1895. Our advice would be to select some of the best South African mines whose prices are well under the highest points touched this year, or else those second-row Deep-Levels to whose prospects we devoted a good deal of attention a few months ago. Rhodesians, taken as a whole, are overvalued at to-day's prices, and this section will undoubtedly relapse unless public support on a liberal scale is forthcoming pretty quickly.

West Australians have passed through a convulsive "boomlet," which has left the best shares at comparatively high levels, while, encouraged by the sensational jump in Chaffers, "rubbish" shares have been anxiously pressed forward in all directions by their sponsors. In choosing a Kangaroo spec., it is advisable to buy shares of those parent companies whose interests in various concerns give them a better chance than if everything depended upon a single property. Last week we advised those who bought Golden Horseshoes at 13, upon our advice, to take their profits. The price has touched 48 since then, and, as we write, has fallen to 43. At 40, Horseshoes will again be a good speculative purchase.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS.

"Well!" exclaimed The Stockbroker, as he sat down with unnecessary violence, "of all the Whitaker Wright prospectuses I have ever seen, the Standard Exploration just about takes the banner. The company collects something less than a dozen of the greatest crocks in the Westralian Market, puts them into a Golden Basin, throws in a few figures to solidify the lump, and then asks a million-and-a-half for the lot."

"But I thought there was a premium on the shares," inquiringly observed The Engineer, who looked up from his paper with some

amusement at the mixed eloquence of his friend. "Doesn't that show the thing must be worth going in for?"

The Stockbroker gasped in mingled pity and indignation. "Don't you know," he snapped, "that there's not one concern in fifty ever comes out without a premium being made on the shares——?"

"Before allotment," benignantly finished The Promoter, who seemed to speak with some little foreknowledge. "My dear sir, haven't you seen those little notices in the financial papers which run nearly always in the same style? Something like this, you know: 'We are informed that So-and-So's shares were dealt in yesterday at  $\frac{1}{8}$  to  $\frac{1}{4}$  premium.' Why, people would not apply for half the rubbish they do if it were not for that harmless little bait."

There was an awkward pause, and The Banker, who was a neighbour of The Promoter, blandly changed the subject by asking whether the rumours of a new Argentine loan had affected the Foreign Market at all.

"Yes, rather. Made all the bonds better." It was The Jobber who spoke this time, and he turned to his fellow-member for confirmation. "Tell you what, we are going to have good business in our market this summer, and you will see Argentine and Brazilian things wake up with a vengeance. Cheapest thing to buy? Well, I think myself that Rescissions about 64 are a very good speculation, and I fancy, too, that Chili things are going to share in the South American rise. That country is going ahead, my boy."

"All very well for you to talk about South America," retorted The Engineer. "As for me, I am putting my money into Mount Lyells and Broken Hill 'Props.' When the Broken Hill Company *does* manage to get a process for treating the stuff that now is considered useless, you will see a 'boom' in 'Props.' that will make your Kaffir riselets sink into insignificance."

"Isn't it nice to hear the 'bulls' roar!" sarcastically remarked The Kaffir Magnate, folding up his Bishopsgate Street organ. "It would be such a pity for me to intrude any opinion of mine about South Africans now, because, of course, you will all want to go and buy his Australians. But I may tell you that even the discredited Kaffir Market may just look in at the end of his Broken Hill 'boom'—— I won't say at which end, but does anybody want to make a bet about it?"

Apparently nobody did, but The Stockbroker (who had been regarding the last speaker with respectful admiration) hazarded the opinion that he would rather be a "bull" of Kaffirs than of Rhodesians.

"So would I," rejoined The Quiet Man, who up to this time had taken no part in the conversation. "I shouldn't be a bit surprised to see a bit of a slump over there. The Rhodesian market is loaded up with shares already, and we shall soon be hearing of a stale 'bull' account—at least, that is how it strikes me. No, I would much rather take the tip I got the other day from an old Australian Colonist."

"What was that?" The carriage spoke all at once, and it was evident that its curiosity was aroused.

"Peak Hills," was the prompt response. "At seven pounds those shares are a splendid investment—quite good enough for my money, at all events. I think I have got on the right horse this time, eh, sir?" and he turned to The Stockbroker with an air of expectation.

"Dare say you're right," cheerfully returned the Capel Court Financier. "Talking about horses, though, reminds me of that story about old Wheeler, who used to come down to the Stock Exchange—so they say—dressed in a light-blue riding-coat. The cob he always rode was a great favourite of his, and so afraid was he of its being ill-treated or badly fed, if it were put up at the same place for long together, that he used to change his livery-stable two or three times a-month. One evening, after he had signed his contracts, he left the office as usual, to call for his cob. To his horror, he found he had forgotten where he left it in the morning."

"What on earth did he do?" asked The Jobber, deeply interested.

"Hunted about for a few hours, and then walked home; repeated same performance next day; and it took him a clear fortnight to find that cob."

"H'm!" was the *sotto voce* comment of The Juvenile. "I'm a bit of a——"

The rest of the sentence was lost as the party detrained at the terminus.

Thursday, May 18, 1899.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

H. D.—The question of in what name you insure your father's life does not matter. You would have to prove your relationship if it was called in question, but you had far better effect the insurance in the name by which he is usually known.

G. W.—We answered your letter on the 18th inst.

ANXIOUS WIDOW.—(1) A bad egg. (2) Speculative, and depending too much on one man's life. (3) Good. We should say hold, if you want a good rate of interest. The present price is  $\frac{5}{8}$  premium.

A. S. P.—Buy (1) City of Wellington Waterworks bonds, (2) Imperial Continental Gas Stock, (3) East India Dock Ordinary.

LEONARD.—(1) You have been taken in, and the cheapest thing for you to do would be to write it off as a bad debt. If you do not like to do this, communicate with the City Police. (2) We do not advise as to outside brokers, and we certainly cannot recommend the people you name, who have pleaded the Gambling Act before now when clients have made more money than they cared to pay.